

IN TOUCH

ISSUE NO. 38

FOR MEN

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robert mitchum
still one baaaaad dude

ride 'em, cowboy!
reno's gay rodeo

pulse: peter brown
a simple 24 tracks

london
beneath that calm exterior

more pages of
male nudes

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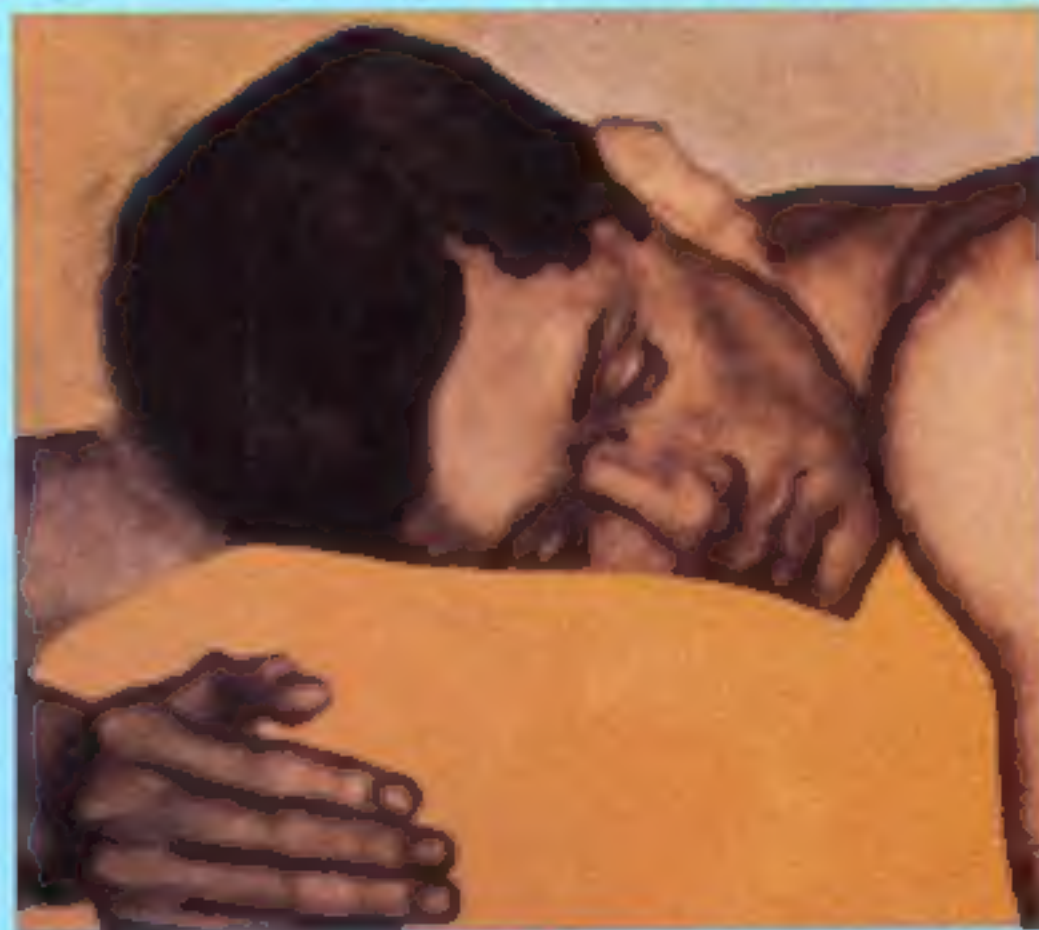
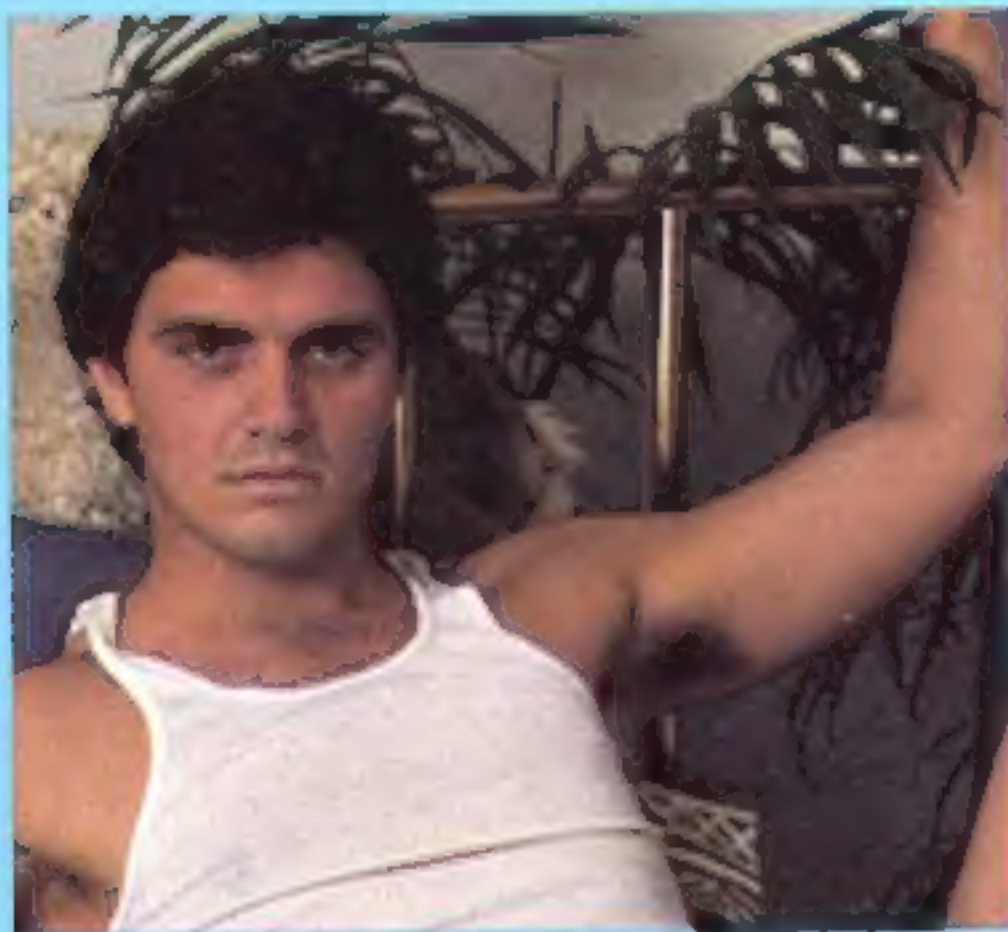
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Issue No. 38

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IN TOUCH FOR MEN

IN TOUCH For Men, Issue 38 (Nov./Dec., 1978). Published bi-monthly by IN TOUCH, Inc., 1316 North Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90027. Opinions expressed in by-lined articles and letters are those of the writers and do not necessarily represent the opinions of IN TOUCH For Men. Publication of the name, photograph, or likeness of any person or organization in articles or advertising in IN TOUCH For Men is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such persons or organizations, and any similarity between individuals named or described in fiction articles and actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Contents of the magazine may not be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Copyright © 1978 by IN TOUCH, Inc.

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Subscription rate: 6 issues, \$12.00; 12 issues, \$20.00; 24 issues, \$38.00. Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, California and additional offices. IN TOUCH For Men's list of subscribers is confidential, and is not sold, rented, traded or released to anyone at any time.

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For Men

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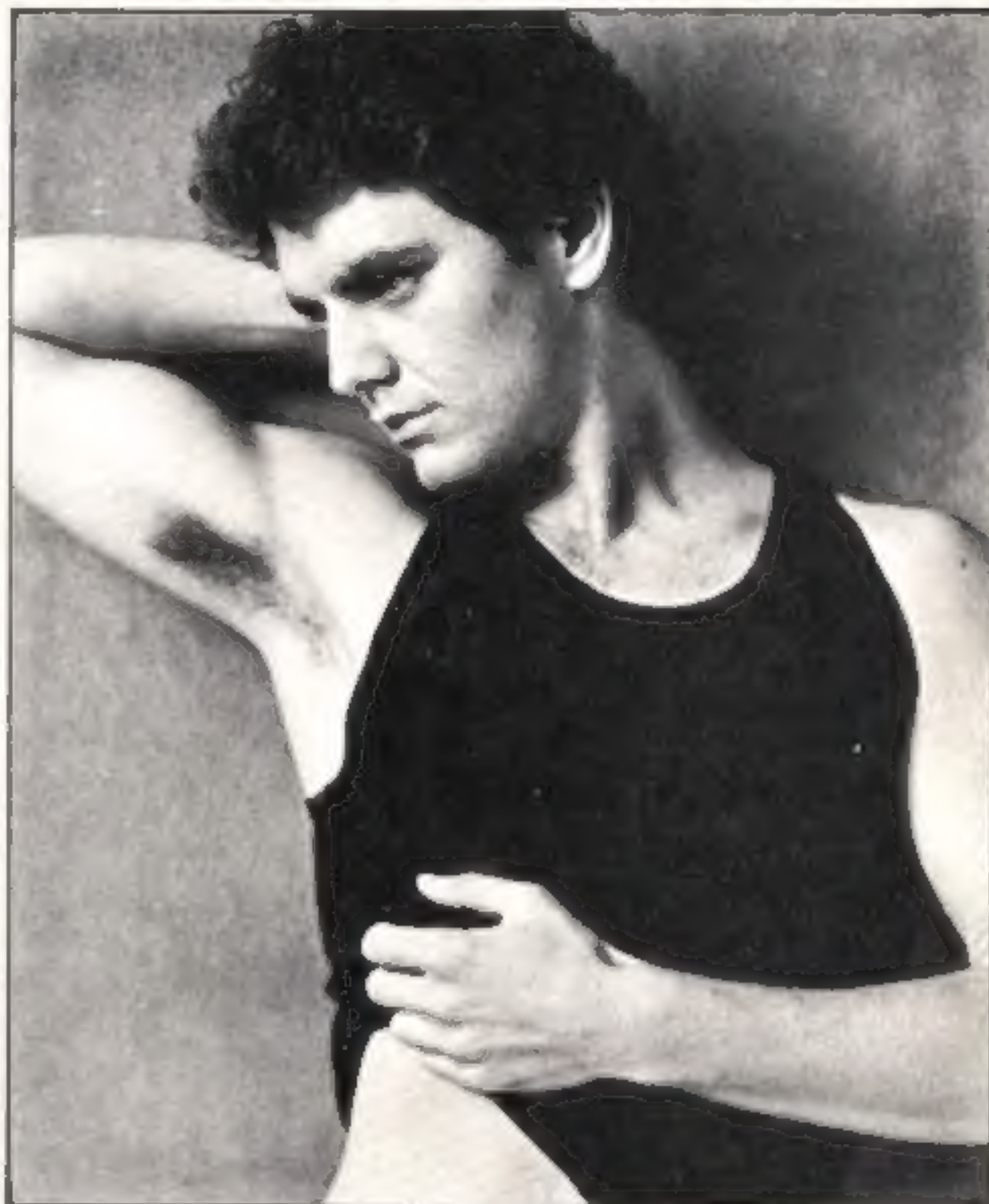


Photo by Richard Sullivan

'Tis the season to be . . . well, it's just about, anyway, and we've prepared a little holiday cheer especially for you—100 pages of good viewing, good reading, and good times. We hope you'll like it, and that it will help make your holiday season a bit more jolly. And while we're on the subject of gifts, if you're looking for that special something for an old (or a new) friend, why not give him a gift subscription to IN TOUCH For Men? Just write "Gift Subscription" across the order form on page 90, print your name at the bottom of the form, and we'll send the recipient a letter acknowledging your thoughtfulness. After all, what could be better company on those long winter nights? (Other than *that*, of course . . .)

If you'd like to look on this issue as sort of a flat Christmas stocking, you'll find it chock full of goodies. Articles on movie perennial Robert Mitchum, the music world's Peter Brown, that working-lad's friend,

Horatio Alger, artwork by Wayne Quinn, a showcase of the photographic talents of Ryan Boyd, a visit to Reno's gay rodeo, a gay's tour of London, a copy of Michael Kearn's letter to Santa, two solid fiction pieces, plus our usual features, columns, and three hot models—occupying a hefty 21-page block in the center of the magazine.

As you know, IN TOUCH For Men prides itself on presenting what we consider to be "our own" models. Unlike other publications, we prefer not to rely heavily on the work of professional model studios. However, when Target Studios showed us Kevin Cox, we thought he'd be just the kind of holiday package you'd enjoy finding under your tree.

With 1979 just around the corner (whatever happened to 1970-1978?), we'd like to take this opportunity to wish you the very best of holiday seasons, and a 1979 that brings you everything you desire—and deserve.

editorial

BOOKS & MUSIC & MOVIES

IN TOUCH WITH...

MOVIES

Burt Reynolds claims he doesn't want to play any more good-old-boys, but he continues to play them. Sonny Hooper, in *Hooper* (Warners) is another one.

Hooper is the greatest stuntman alive, which gives Reynolds plenty of opportunity to indulge in macho hijinks.

When we first meet him, he is in his dressing room trailer dressing for a stunt. It's the old matador bit; as the camera lovingly scans Hooper's body we see scars here and there, evidence that even if the macho spirit is willing the macho flesh is weak.

Hooper boards a motorcycle and although he performs an incredible stunt—or "gag" as we learn they are called in stuntman parlance—we suspect that the end of Hooper's career may be at hand.

This suspicion is confirmed when we learn that Hooper's vertebrae are held together with library paste and that his every macho exertion is painful. Ah.

Enter Jan-Michael Vincent, who sort of plays the Anne Baxter role in this stuntman version of *All About Eve*. Vincent is a young stuntman who will do anything—well, almost anything—to MAKE IT, including involving Hooper in a death-defying stunt across a yawning gorge.

This stunt-to-end-all-stunts (and, possibly, the stunt-to-end-the-stuntmen) is part of a picture being directed by Roger Deal, an obnoxious director played with petulant nastiness by Robert Kline. Kline's director is CREATIVE and SENSITIVE and his pictures make money. There is really no worse combination than that.

If you are a stuntman—or a stuntman groupie or a Jan-Michael Vincent fan (and who of us, down deep in our cover de cover or somewhere, isn't)—this is the movie for you. Even if you are a regular person, you might not mind it.

Mostly that's due to Reynolds, whose good humor can survive almost anything. Sally Fields, Brian Keith, James Best and John Marley round out a cast of appealing performers who go about their duties so good-naturedly that you will want to go along too.

One wonders, of course, just why Ms. Fields is willing to consistently accept roles that are beneath her abilities (which are considerable). Is it merely to keep Reynolds company on the set? Oh, yes, I know you'd do it, too. But it isn't quite the same. Ms. Fields, after all, has her career to think of.

Reynolds and director Hal Needham are the wonderful folks who gave you *Smokey and the Bandit*. (You remember how much you enjoyed THAT.)

Well, *Hooper* is aimed at the same audience and woos it with the same subtlety. But don't be a snob. Any movie with both Jan-Michael and Burt can't be all bad. But Burt: next time, leave Sally at home.

Hooper is rated "PG" because there is a lot of macho carrying-on and many things get smashed.

And while we're on the subject of pretty-boy actors, we may as well consider Ryan O'Neal in *The Driver*. (20th Century-Fox)—one of the strangest movies to come along in years. It is not exactly a gangster movie, even though it is about a man who makes his living driving getaway cars; and it's not really an action-suspense film, because, apart from a lot of frantic driving around, nothing very much happens. It is also stylized within an inch of its life.

The Driver has only a vague plot and presents, not characters, but psychological types who aren't even provided with names. But the film does have an interesting exchange between The Driver (O'Neal) and The Detective (Bruce Dern) who is dedicated to catching The Driver in flagrante delicto, so to speak.

"I enjoy chasing you," Dern tells O'Neal, wearing that I'd-just-as-soon-sit-your-throat-as-look-at-you expression that he does so well.

"You have a problem," O'Neal replies. It's what you might call the same old film noir problem: repressed sexuality cropping up in unexpected places.

Years from now, Parker Tylers of the future will still be mining *The Driver* for evidence of latent homosexuality in the films of the late '70s.

Anyway, *The Driver* is an interesting failure; which, to this writer, is infinitely preferable to an uninteresting success (such as *Jaws 2*, for example).

The picture is being panned by practically everybody. "Are we supposed to sympathize with the character just because he is goodlooking?" One Los



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Angeles critic wanted to know. That's why I sympathized with him.

The Driver is rated "PG" because it makes crime look sort of romantic and existentially interesting. Can't have that, can we?

—Barnaby Shackleford

Alan Parker, whose *Bugsy Malone* was acclaimed but virtually unseen (in the U.S.), should reach a wider audience with *Midnight Express* (Columbia), a feature-length version of those ads that warn American youth not to get busted for drugs abroad.

This artistically made thriller combines elements of *Papillon*, ... *Cuckoo's Nest* and *Z* in relating the true story of Billy Hayes, a middle-class American sent to a Turkish jail for trying to smuggle hashish out of that country. When his three-year sentence is lengthened to 30, he becomes violent and tries to escape.

Describing life in the Turkish prison, Hayes says, "Homosexuality ... is a big crime here. They all do it every chance they get."

All but one. In a beautiful montage we see a ripening friendship between Hayes and a hunky Swede (Norbert Weisser). It leads to a soulful kiss in the shower; but then Hayes shakes his head as if to say, "That's as far as American movie heroes go."

Well, film autobiographies are always selective about the truths they tell. (The book delves much more deeply—and more honestly—into their relationship.)

Brad Davis, who plays Billy Hayes, looks and acts like a young Montgomery Clift with a dash of James Dean thrown in. He gives one of the year's best male performances in one of the best movies of the year.

—Steve Warren

IN TOUCH WITH ...

BOOKS

The year's most lavish, most exquisite gay coffee-table book is *L'Amour Bleu* by Cecile Beurdeley, translated from the French by Michael Taylor (Rizzoli, 712 Fifth Ave., New York, 10019, \$35, 304 pgs. 13 1/2 by 10 1/2, boxed, 290 illus., 40 in color). An elegant survey of male gay art and literature from ancient Greece to the present, with only slight departures from main-line Western traditions and relatively sparse modern selections. Some additional Oriental or recent erotica would easily have made this a multi-volume set. Erotica may be a misleading term. The sight of penises on drawings no longer seems so daring, and the tone here is chaste.

Without pedantry, Beurdeley refutes misconceptions such as that Greek love was entirely pederastic. Her quote of Mikhail Kuzmin's 1906 Russian gay lib novel, *Wings*, might set the tone:

We are Hellenes: the intolerant monotheism of the Hebrews is alien to us, their rejection of the visual arts, their slavish attachment to the flesh, to the getting of heirs, to seed. ...

Some few entries are out of sequence to make a particular point, and not always clearly identified or dated, but this is a book more for the browser than for scholars. Few previous collections (and those long out of print) match this for richness and variety of gay verse, aphorisms and other short selections. A breathtakingly beautiful panorama of gay history, art and sentiment.

Tales of the City by Armistead Maupin (Harper Colophon Books, \$5.95, 240 pgs.)



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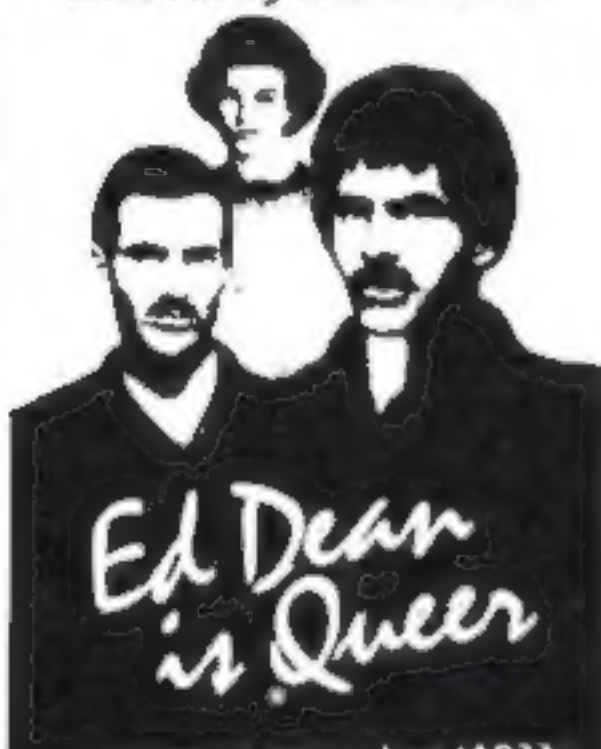
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The real-life Billy Hayes (l.) and Brad Davis, who portrays him in *Midnight Express*.

began in early 1976 as a serial soap opera in the *San Francisco Chronicle*: soap with a difference—witty, sophisticated, sentimental of course, and gay slanted, though many of the characters are hetero swingers. It quickly became the paper's most popular feature, and now appears in handsome paperback as perhaps the first of a series. A romantic's delight, it is at its best in describing the delightful ways of the inhabitants of the city Maupin adopted seven years ago: the landlady pinning a bit of welcoming pot on a new tenant's door; Mary Ann having the damdest troubles trying to make out in swinger's bars; she or gay Michael showing their visiting parents around town and trying hard to avoid the gayer scenes. Delightful, delightful, delightful...

a novel by n.a. diaman



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Ed Dean is Queer by N. A. Diaman (Persona Press, Box 14022, San Francisco 94114, \$5 postpaid, 244 pgs.) is a handsome self-published paperback novel built three-quarters on Anita's crusade, and veering in the final quarter into wish-fulfillment future fiction—with a hint of 1964.

Georges-Michel Sarotte's *Like a Brother, Like a Lover, Male Homosexuality in the American Novel and Theatre from Herman Melville to James Baldwin* (Anchor Press/Doubleday, \$10, 339 pgs.), is a very important badly marred book. Sarotte, who teaches at the University of Paris and looks like one of the young convicts Genet went ape over, proposes four prototypes for study: adolescents, teacher and pupil, captain and soldier, white and black. Aside from the texts he examined, Sarotte seems to have learned everything else he knows about American life from the more homophobic disciples of Freud. His initial definitions are narrow, and many readers will be annoyed by his constant jumping back and forth from characters in the novel under consideration to characters in a dozen other novels not immediately named.



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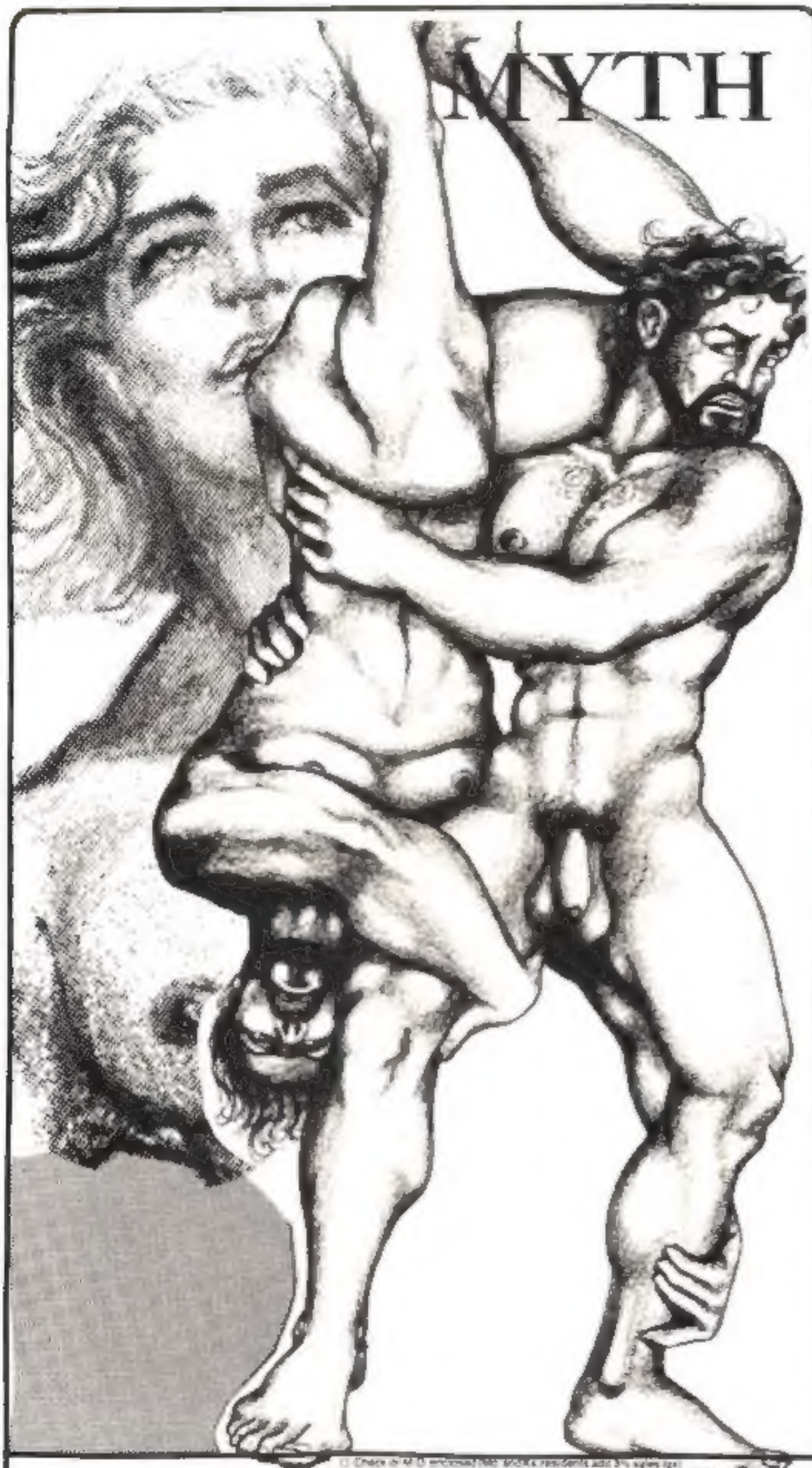
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He locales Troy Perry's home base in San Francisco, says there were of course no well adjusted homosexuals in the America of the 1950s, makes generalizations about D.H. Lawrence that ignore his most overt male homosexual novel, *Aaron's Rod*, and constantly assumes (as of course many readers did) that when characters died off at the end of older gay novels, the author was saying that homosexual love is impossible. Those sudden-death endings were mostly lacked on by publishers to make the book defensible when it came to court—as all such books did then.

Marvin & Tige by Frankcina Glass (St. Martin's, \$6.95, 232 pgs.) is a sensitive first novel, harsh in content, tenuously humorous in tone, tracing the rocky road to non-sexual love between an 11-year-old Black slum urchin and an aging white derelict who's wise except about his own life. Illiterate Tige Jackson has been supporting his ailing mother by con jobs, pilfering and pimping for her. At her sudden death, he wanders off, suicidal but unsure about methods, determined to avoid the "Welfare People."

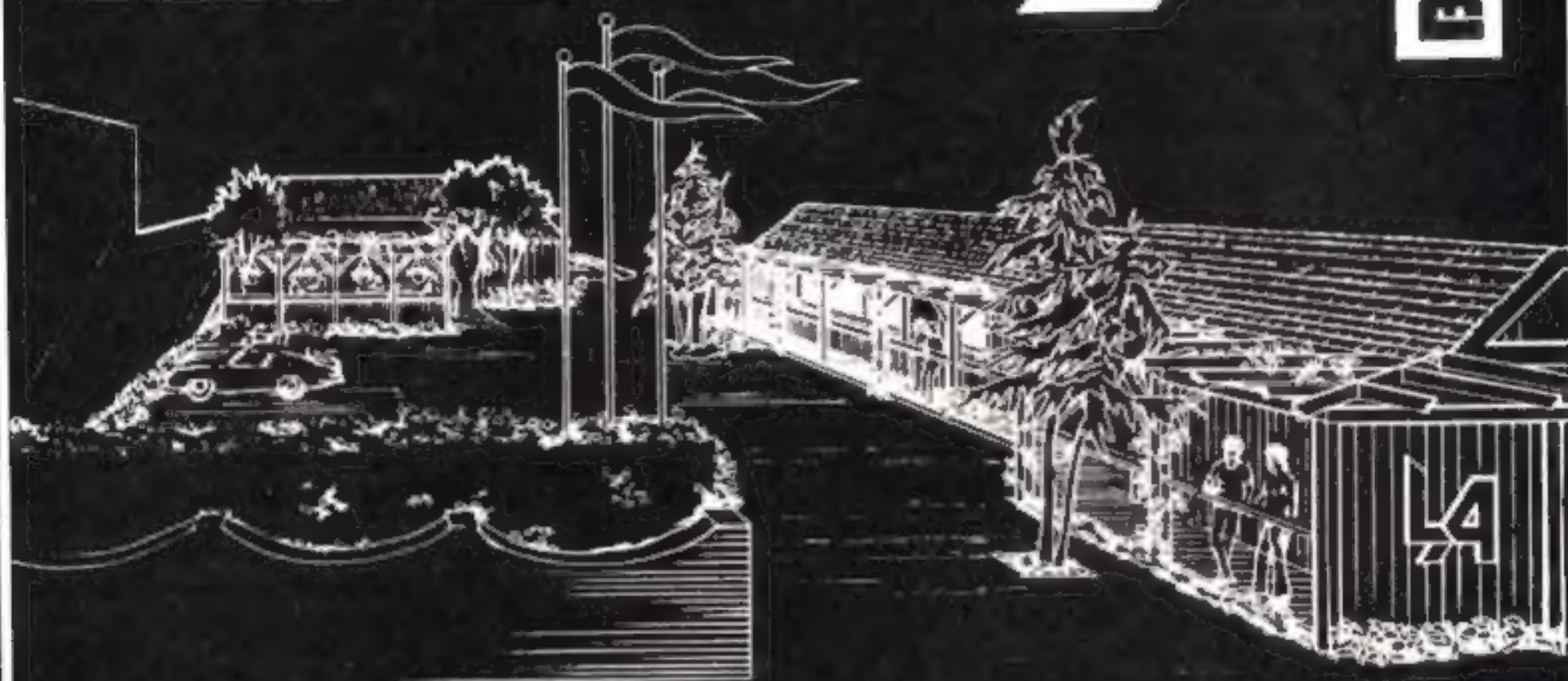
Marvin, who dropped out when his wife died, takes the boy in. They move warily, a pincushion romancing a jellyfish, each trying to be helpful, each fiercely independent. Dialect is handled unobtrusively—though there might be more contrast between the speech of educated and uneducated Blacks. When Tige falls seriously ill, Marvin has trouble at the hospital explaining his relationship to the boy, and seeks out Tige's seemingly uncaring father. Excitingly real and moving, the story launches its 22-year-old author into the front ranks of Black writers.

A must for those interested in gay currents in American literature—but what a trial it is!

Rudiger Robert Beer's *Unicorn, Myth and Reality* (Mason/Charter, \$14.95, 215 pgs.) is a small, exquisite art book about that fabulous beast which has always had such magic sexual symbolism. Sometimes confused with the rhinoceros, sometimes described as resembling a mule, an antelope, even a fish, having a peculiar propensity for virgins, the unicorn was often identified with Christ, sometimes with the devil, and is to be found in the work of many gay artists.

In 1966 John R. Cavanaugh, M.D., wrote a conservative Catholic guide called *Counseling the Invert*. While far less sympathetic than Buckley's *Morality and the Homosexual* or the British Roman Catholic Griffin Report, it had an internal consistency in arguing that church counselors must walk a tight rope between "understanding" the homosexual and frowning on homosexual acts. A lot of water has passed under the Roman bridge since 1966 and many Catholic writers have taken a more liberal view. Cavanaugh has revised and ex-

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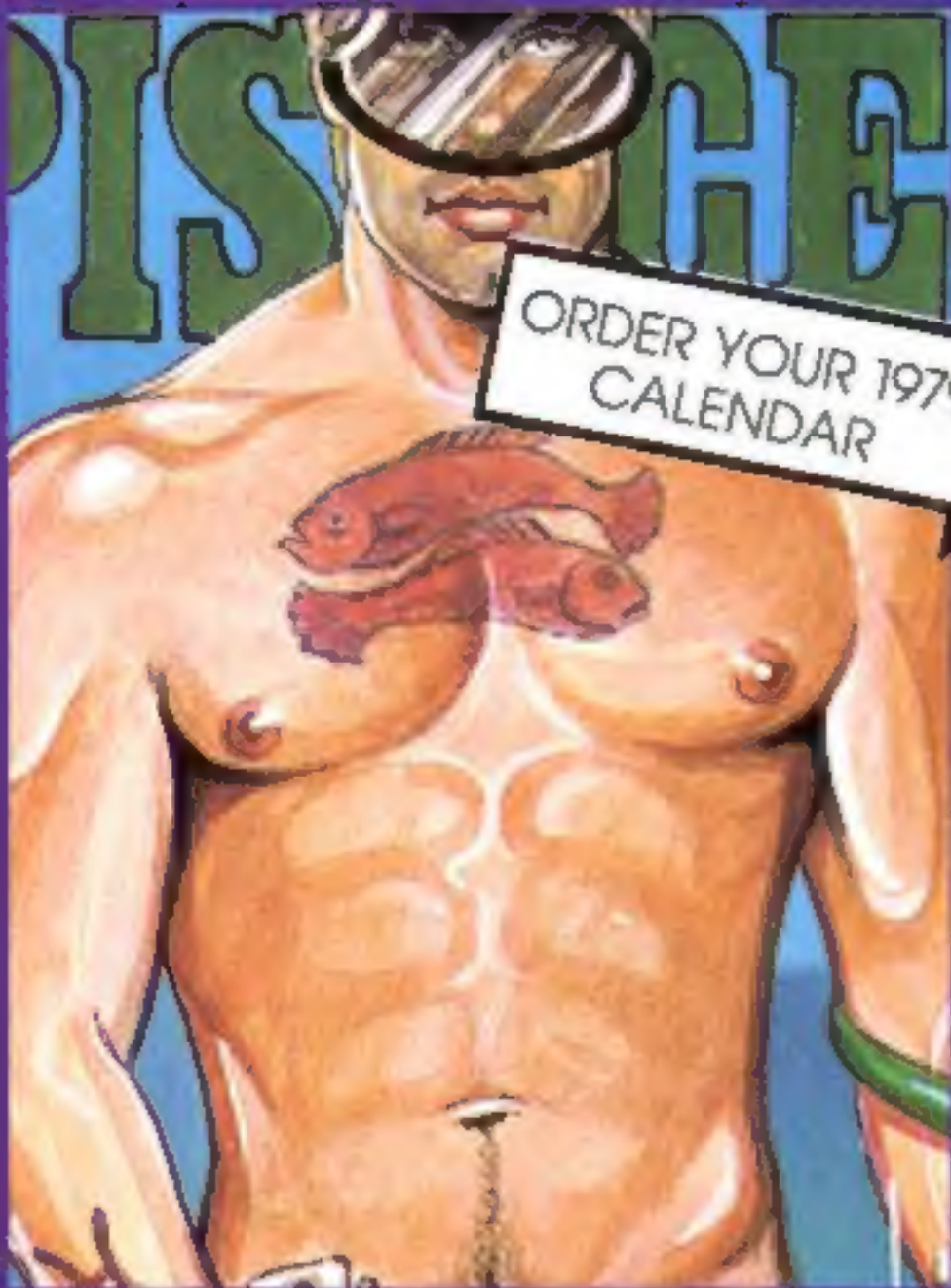


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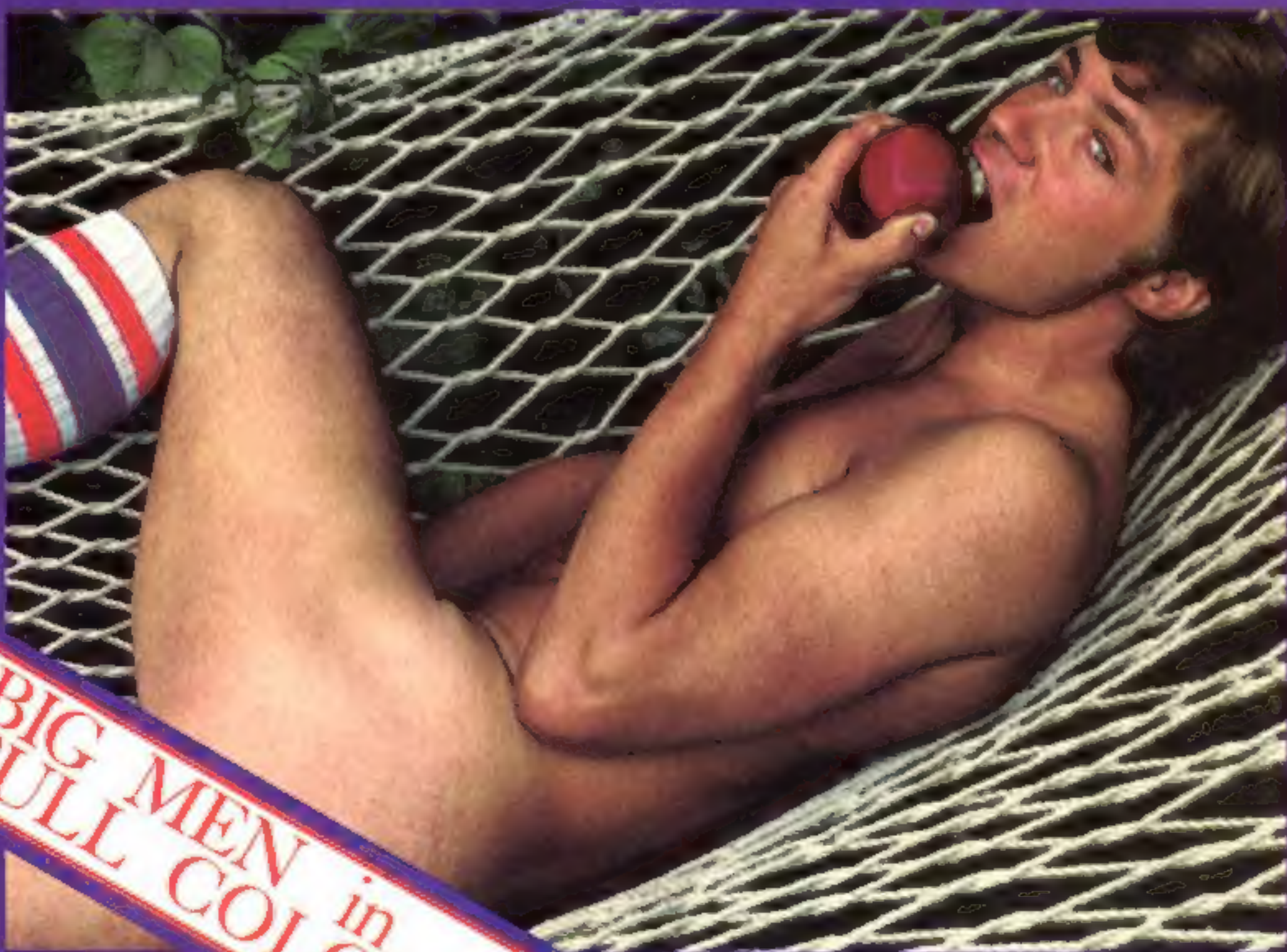
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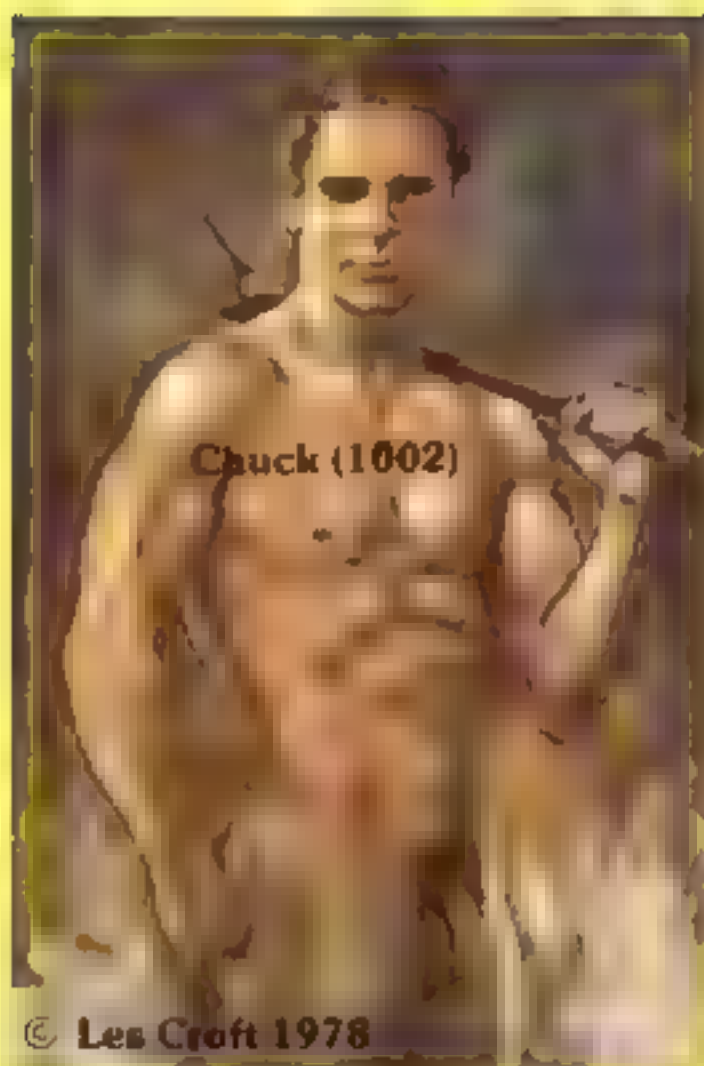
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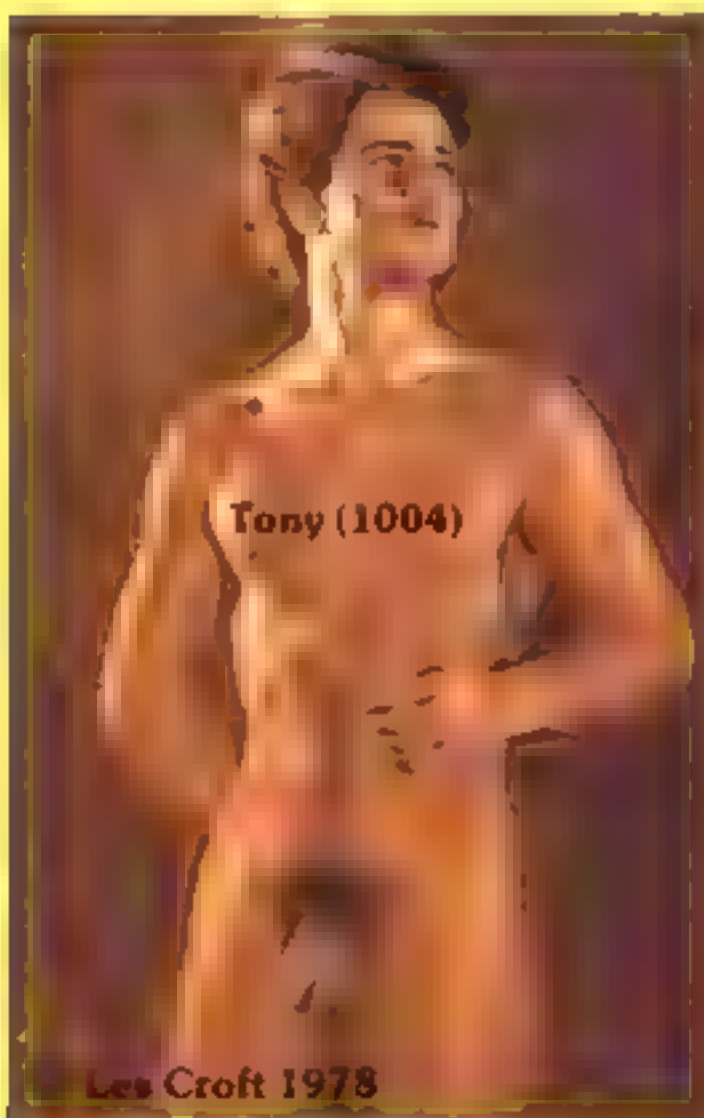
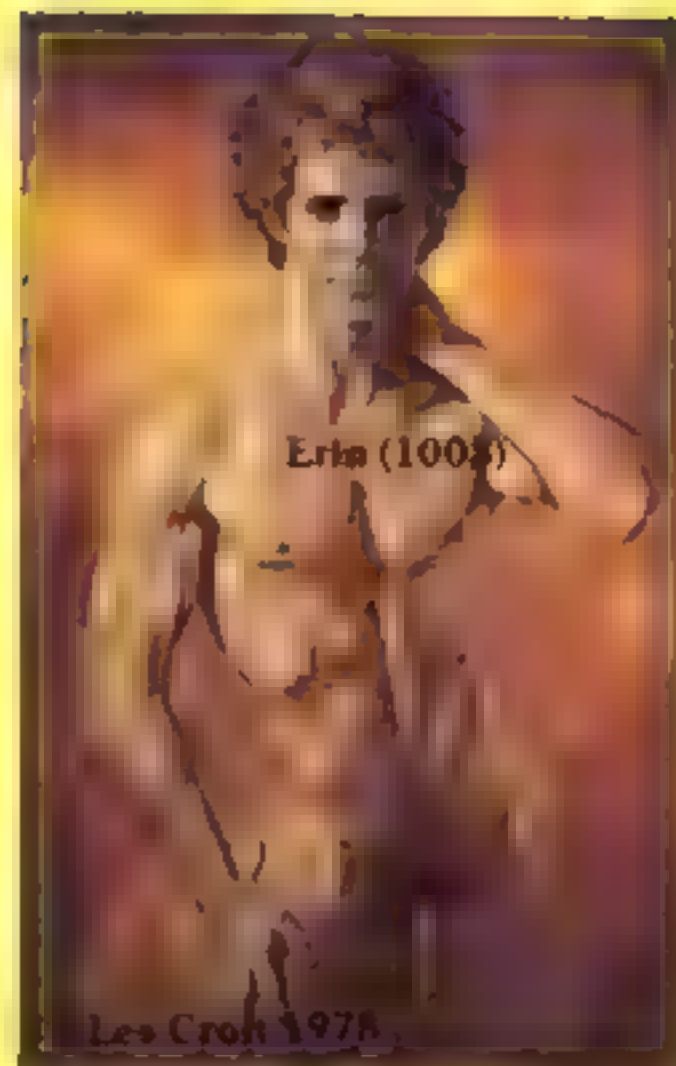
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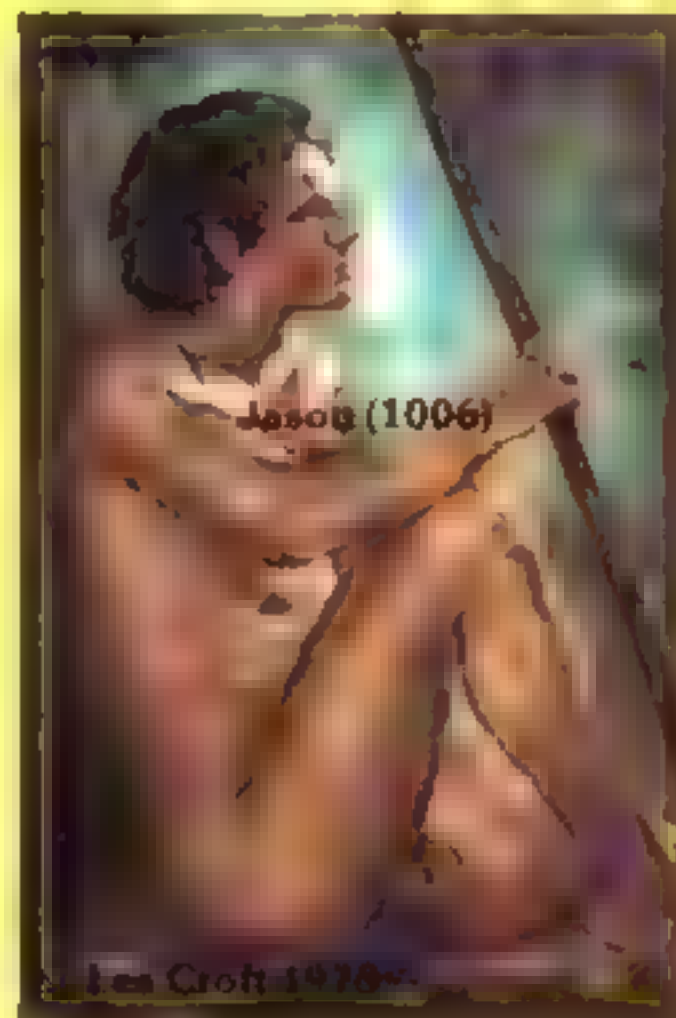
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panded his original book (Our Sunday Visitor, \$14.95, 352 pgs.) as **Counseling the Homosexual**, and while his basic outlook hasn't much changed, a lot of mixed views have been let into the text since even anti-gay views coming from Catholic theologians have shifted their postulates somewhat.

Except in a brief and unenlightening chapter on lesbians, he assumes throughout that homosexual always means "he." The book contains the standard historic errors about the gay movement, and when Cavanaugh prints a second-hand report of a gay zap of one of his speeches at which gay militants stood up and shouted, "This is a bunch of bullshit," he gives no indication that he was there. Perhaps he wasn't.

—Jim Kepner

IN TOUCH WITH...

MUSIC

The great vocal stylists, never attuned to the hit-or-miss focus of the business, fade from immediate view with regularity but may never be counted out. Sarah Vaughan has survived some of the longest absences from recording to return to peak again and again, hit or not. Nina Simone, that bitterly knowing voice from the bowels of pain, rises for the first time in four years in a comeback performance reaffirming her niche with **Baltimore** (CTI).

And rising from that a bum like a cloned phoenix that has known other masters is Bernard Ignner's "Everything Must Change." Simone lifts it to the status of a personal anthem in the most dramatic and deeply felt performance yet. Here is Simone, not so much abandoning the anger which increasingly infused her songs as she is mellowing with the wisdom of it, dues paid. The a bum runs the gamut from Hal & Oates sassy "Rich Girl" to the Judy Collins paean, "My Father." Great lady, great a bum.

Freestyle (Epic), Bobbi Humphreys' new album, is a must on several counts. The lady is simply one of the best and most broadly accessible flute virtuosos in the business. Witness "My Destiny," superbly arranged and conducted by Arthur Jenkins Jr. Second, Miss Humphrey phrases a vocal no less expertly as "I Could Love You More" gives testimony.

But most of all, this thoroughly listenable album beautifully programmed, begins with a dynamite harmonica solo instrumental titled "Home-Made Jam." It's glorious whoever it was playing. But there is no doubt that the soloist is Stevie Wonder in the best showcase that aspect of his masterful talent has had in recent years.

A perfectly proper suburban lady of

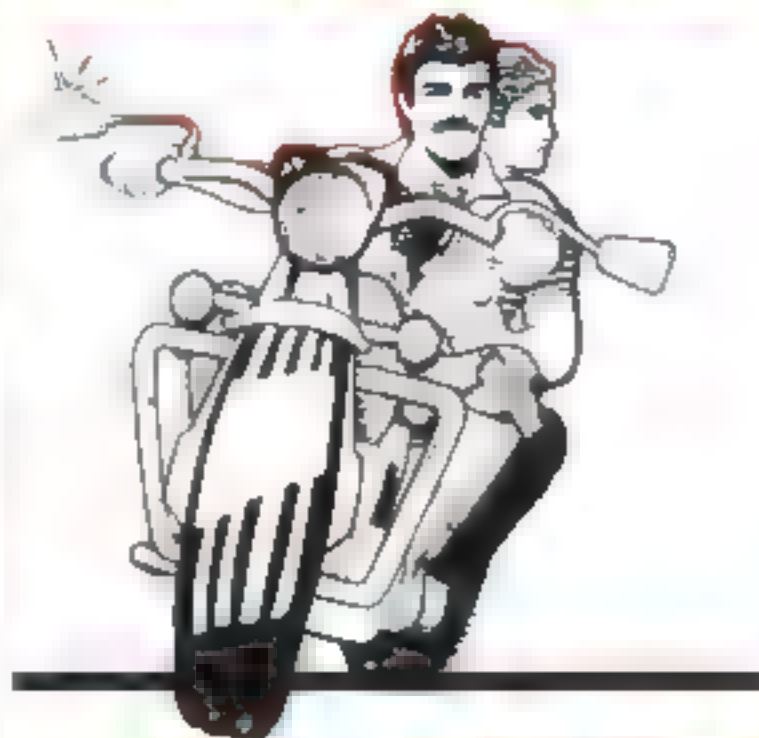


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my acquaintance, who was perfectly capable of saying "Balls!" used to react to men like Teddy Pendergrass by coyly raising three fingers and miming the word balls. Life Is a Song Worth Singing (Philadelphia International) is the second solo album from powerhouse Pendergrass, former lead with Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes.

Pendergrass hasn't the joyful tease of A Green, the lived-in conviction of Jerry Butler or the lyric tenderness of Lionel Richie, but he's got the moxie and the macho to claim the soul throne from any one of them. The songs in this Gamble-Huff package indicate a personality who can take what he wants but can melt resistance when required by the magnanimity of pleading "Close The Door" is a ready a hit and we're well on the way to wearing out the "Cold Cold World" track.

I've spent a lot of days in homes in which the Natalie Cole discography poured like tabernacle Muzak, though never carried the lady home. Natalie Live! (Capitol) was made for such as I. The variations on previously recorded hits is enough to add fresh perspective while bringing them together in a solid single package. It's Natalie's first live double album set and that guarantees some extra mileage for old favorites. You're not going to believe how much soul the lady mines from the old Doris Day chestnut "Que Sera, Sera."

Tom Robinson finally made his U.S. debut at Hollywood's Starwood and demonstrated substantially that he and his band are not trading on the incidental fact that he is gay or that the music is steeped in outcry for the rights of minorities. What we have here—and in Power In The Darkness (Capitol)—is no political stance vying for attention, but one of the best of the current wave of British rockers whose head and voice just happen to reflect a particular set of concerns in the course of delivery of the musical message. As Robinson must be tired of cautioning by now, "I'm a rocker, not a crusader." Nonetheless, the message isn't lost.

The new album contains a bonus 12-inch LP that features the anthem, "Glad to Be Gay" and the hard-driving but non-political hit from last season "2-4-6-8 Motorway." While Robinson and band come out of the punk rock wave that crashed so ignobly on our shores, they rise high, high tide above them, while acknowledging a debt to the breakers which carried them in. The real message is that when the music moves as excitingly as Robinson's, the message gets carried to many far and new corners and begins to grow.

Stuck In The Middle With You." That was the title of the one big hit Glasgow's Gerry Rafferty and the Stealers Wheel left with us in three exquisite a-bums beginning in 1973. Then Rafferty got stuck less musically than professionally and

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personally. Raftery retreated. A lesser talent might have become a footnote in the seventies' musical history, but Raftery is a major talent and came crashing back, bigger than ever with "Baker Street" from his United Artists solo album *City to City*, announced by that rapturous sax introduction by Raphael Ravenscroft that everyone has been humming, singing and coming to for months. Leave us not forget those taunting phrases from Nigel Jenkins: lead electric. But when you hear the elegiac harmonies of "Whatever's Written in Your Heart" you want to be Raftery's church or build one around him. You'll think of Paul McCartney and then, just then, you may forget Paul McCartney. There is magic in each and every track.

—Damon West

IN TOUCH WITH . . . NIGHTLIFE

PHILADELPHIA

Cold winds, bleak weather and no day madness—here we go again! Shopping is probably uppermost in your mind right now, and there are a number of places here in which you can

find that special gift for that certain someone.

Trailblazers (258 S. 15th St.), an almost-brand-new shop right off Spruce St. offers some unique items and many bargains. Basically a leather and western shop, Trailblazers carries a large inventory of clothing to fit almost anyone's taste and budget. **The Levi and Leather Rack** (1529 Spruce St.) is packed with goods that just might make the gift you are looking for and Phil, the owner, will make you feel right at home.

If it's a book you want, **Giovanni's Room** (1426 Spruce St.) offers a mind-boggling selection of materials to choose from. Should you want something that isn't in stock Arleen and Ed will be glad to order it for you.

Expensive Jewelry? Try **My Jewel Shop** (104 S. 13th St.). Belts and other leather items? **Ship Shape Leather** (9th & Market) in the Gallery is a place to try—wait! If you see who waits on you. Perhaps you need a rare recording? **Records to Remember** (1329 Pine St.) is the place to find it.


When your feet are screaming for a break and you're tired of walking around in the cold there are all sorts of places to relax. Do you feel like sitting in a soothing, warm whirlpool? **The Barracks** (1813 Sanson St.) is the place for you. This bath house is centrally located and along with the other delights of a trip to

the baths, the Barracks offers its wonderful whirlpool. Note: If you happen to be shopping on a Tues. or Thurs. night then you're in luck because those are \$2 nights.

Another relaxing oasis is the **Club Baths, Club Philadelphia**, (120 S. 13th) under new management, has been changing for the better. You'll have to take a look for yourself.

If baths are not your kind of place to warm up in after a hard day's shopping stop in at the **Westbury** (271 S. 15th St.). There's always a crowd and after business hours is usually a fun time at the bar. Drinks are reasonable and you never know who you'll run into at this spot. Up the street is an old friend with a new name. **Roscoe's** (1511 Spruce St.) trying to reverse a downward trend, has changed its management and its name. JP's stands where Roscoe's served for so long. You can still get a bite to eat at JP's but if you want something different try the **AC Sub Shop**, across from JP's. Here you can see famous photos of old Atlantic City, in booths made to look like boardwalk touring cars, and reminisce about the warm weather while you sup on one of the many items on the menu.

Should your shopping spree end late and you need to unwind somewhere then head over to the **Allegro** (1412 Spruce St.). The "A" is a ways one of the hottest of the hot spots. There are three



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floors for you to wander about and on top is a wild disco filled to overflowing with gorgeous patrons. Of course you might also enjoy the Steps (1526 Delancey) Elegant and stylish the Steps remains one of the hot spots in town.

The weather may be chugging off here but the action is still as hot as ever.

—Joseph R. DeMarco

SAN FRANCISCO

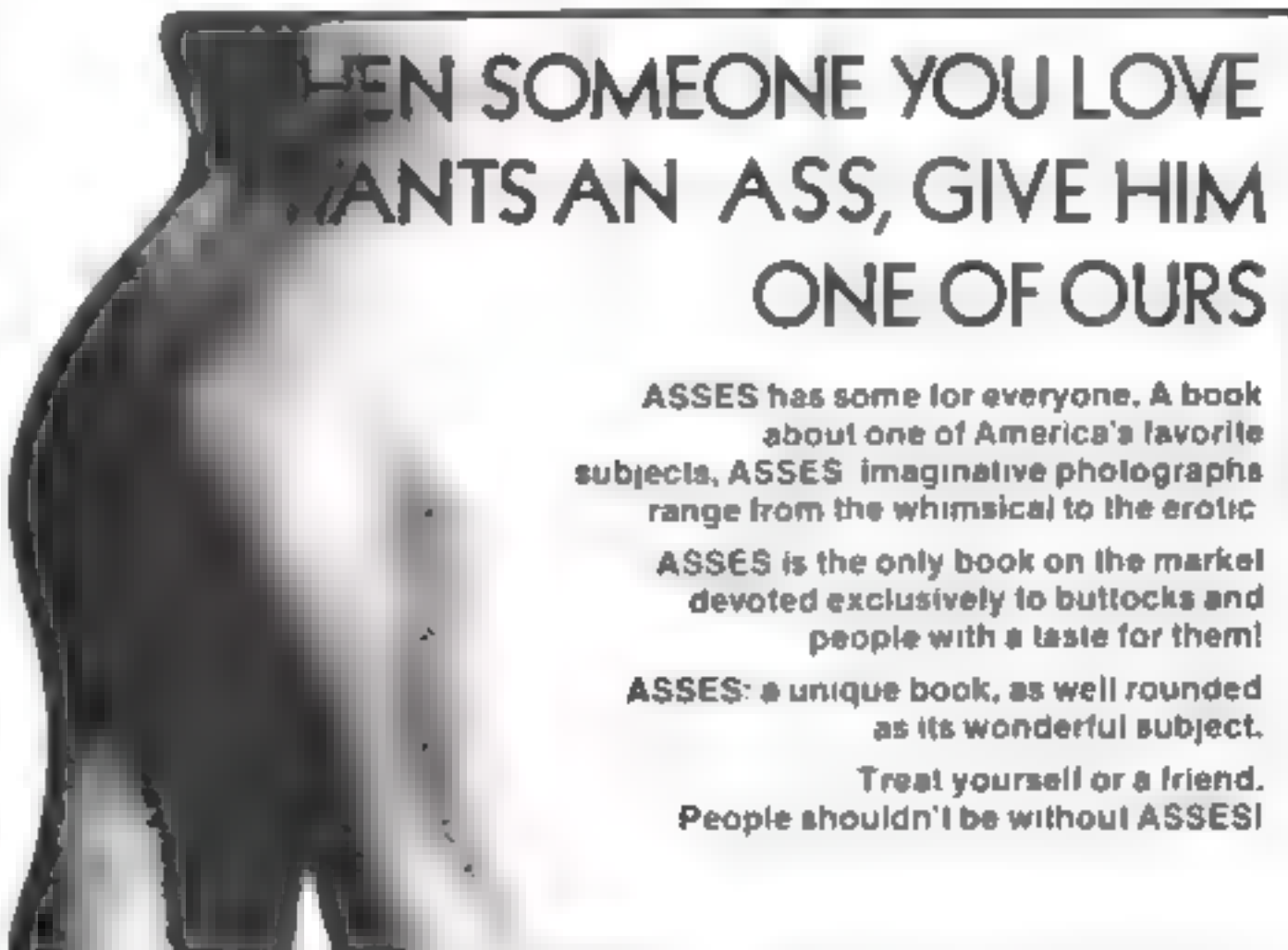
You say you know gay night life. Do you know the working city by day? Nine to five may have more sex appeal. Let's take a walking tour.

First in Castro, All American Boy in the middle of the Great "That Way" will slip you into pants that shrink to fit and they may do so in your presence. Courteous service is a byword. Mail order catalog on request.

At The Obelisk (489 Castro) crystal and leather sit side by side beneath disco lighting. Sparkling lamps from France do tangos with handblown oil lamps in four sizes. Wine is served. You may think this is a bar by mistake and leave with an obelisk.

For well-hung jewelry let Max Carl (563 Castro) transform your imagination. After this upstairs shop you may never look at another timepiece again. He has gemstones and precious metals and

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Jambalaya (432 Castro) has a bit of everything—towels, shower curtains, china, woven rugs, and cocoa mats. gourmet cooking and serving accessories. One can tell a lot about a man by the bathroom and kitchen he keeps.

You won't find Liza Doolittle at the Urban Country (468 Castro), an on the street flower stand. He might know Liza Minnelli though. Attractive cut flowers may be purchased. For uncut flowers and other arrangements, see the manager.

By now you're ready for lunch. Elephant Walk (corner of Castro and 18th) serves from 10am to 3pm. It's more than a bar—good food and good looking. You might call Castro and 18th "Got-the-time?" square. Wells Fargo Bank has removed its corner clock, and you may tife at this intersection for hours.

The Good Provider is a unique health food store in an old Victorian flat. Raw dairy products are available. There's a discount on vitamins—since we want you to be healthy. Check out the fruit stands at 564 Castro.

Interested in Birkenstock sandals, "jellies," and shakti shoes? City Island Dry Goods Company (564 Castro) will turn you on to feet. You may pick out Austrian crystal, Greek shirts, and African hats. They will gladly help you select that perfect something.

Thinking about the man you left behind? Dear John (4109 18th St.) will assuage your guilt with custom stationery, desk accessories, and greeting cards.

Even feeling nostalgic? Recycled clothes (and you know what that means) may be found in Casey's Faded World (2261 Market). Going down into your parent's honeymoon will give you warm thoughts of carrying on the tradition.

I know you're just exhausted but the afternoon's still young and Polkstrasse lies before you. Town Squire (1315 Polk) is naughty and should know better. Pant alterations done in one hour. Credit cards accepted.

Hardon Leather (1133 Polk), Leather Forever (1738 Polk), or how about Leatherworld (735 Larkin)? Let Jim show you his gadgets, devices and goods.

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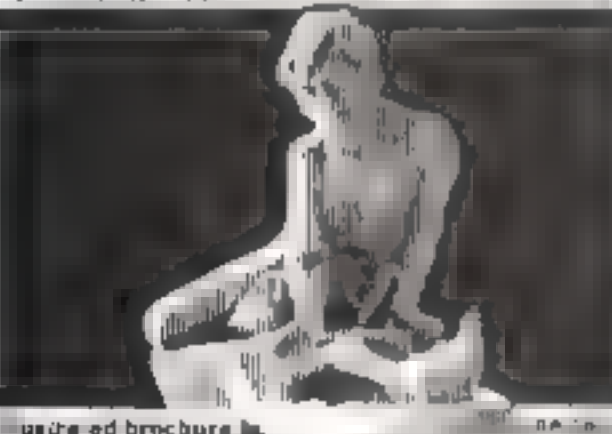
The Boot Hook (1409 Polk) will put you in sandals, but it specializes in kicking.

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LONDON

by Lindsay Taylor

London has been the center of gay life in England for quite a long time now: evidence of a homosexual subculture here extends back for at least 600 years! But until just a few years ago it had, by international standards, only a very dull and limited night life. Remnants of English puritanism meant that after the pubs had closed at 11pm (as in fact they still do), there were only a few small, select, and rather dreary clubs in which gays could socialize. Apart from these, it was strictly 'tearoom trade.'

But in the more relaxed atmosphere of the seventies, London's gay world has expanded rapidly, and has taken on a more cosmopolitan flavor. Bigger and less closeted clubs have opened. Discos have invaded every part of the city from the West End to the outer suburbs. And, perhaps most importantly, Britain's closer links with Europe mean that there is a constant stream of overseas visitors pouring into the city to take advantage of the new opportunities. In fact, it's got to the stage where the guy next to you at the bar is quite as likely to be an Australian or an Armenian as a Londoner. (And several times, in this former capital of the British Empire, people striking up conversations with me have started off with the question, "Do you speak English?"!)

Which isn't to say that the essential Englishness of the London scene has been swamped by a nondescript international style. Part of its charm is that most of the bars are still interesting old Victorian and Edwardian pubs, and not sterile booze-and-cruise joints. London's typical sense of history, one might say, extends even to its gay bars, some of which have been 'interesting' for 70 years or so.

Since London's better gay places are now the equal of those anywhere in the world, you can, even on a short stay, meet enough people to enjoy yourself immensely. But as standards still vary from superb to awful, the places described in this article will be those that are both congenial and accessible to the out-of-town visitor. London is an enormous city with pleasant gay meeting-spots scattered in the most unlikely places, but you'll find that the further

they are from central and west London the more likely they are to cater to a purely local clientele. Further, discos and clubs in the more remote corners of the city tend to come and go with alarming speed. If, however, you *do* want to investigate out-of-the-way places, you'll find an up-to-date guide (four columns long!) in the pages of *Gay News* every fortnight. Or you can ring the 24-hour *Gay Switchboard* (01-837-7324), which provides information on everything from accommodation to gay activists' meetings to VD clinics.



Two more points to remember when visiting British gay bars. English reserve being what it is, London gays can appear to be a lot more cliquey than in most places. They're not, really! It just means that you have to be more willing than usual to smile the first smile if you want

to meet that stranger you've just seen across a crowded room.... Once you do, you'll find him everlastingly grateful that someone has managed to break the ice. The other thing is that many of the bars described as 'gay'—especially those in the suburbs—are actually straight pubs that attract a partly gay clientele on the nights when there's a drag show (the English of all sexual persuasions having an interest in transvestism that borders on the obsessive). So be careful who you're cruising.

The popular gay hangouts are mostly grouped in two parts of town: the West End, and the Chelsea/Kensington/Earl's Court area a couple of miles to the west. The West End is part of 'tourist' London. It includes the good—and expensive—shops around Oxford and Regent Streets, as well as Soho which, with its dozens of theaters, cinemas, strip joints, bars, and massage parlors, is the center of London nightlife. (There are, incidentally, no strictly gay movie houses, though the National Film Theater and the Institute of Contemporary Arts frequently show seasons of all kinds of gay movies except hard-core porn.)

The most famous West End gay bar is the *Sallybury*, in St. Martin's Court, near Leicester Square. It's a beautiful Edwardian building, full of mirrors and pillars, etched glass and hanging lamps, featured in several major movies. As it's situated right in the middle of the theater district, it's an ideal place to go for



Gays are as much a part of London as the Tower of London or the Albert Memorial



Tourists—both gay and straight— flock to Trafalgar Square and Whitehall, which offer something—please a must-see view.

drinks before or after a performance. Partly for this reason, the clientele is sometimes rather precious, and is always the most typically "English" of the major gay bars in London. But it's a nice place to visit, even if its rabbit-warren layout makes cruising a little difficult. (A tip: If all else fails, use the men's room. English reserve disappears right down the drain.)

The other West End bars are not so interesting. They include the **City of Quebec**, in Old Quebec Street, whose customers seem restricted to the under-20s and over-40s, the **Kings Head Dive Bar**, in Gerrard St., which has drag shows on Saturday and Sunday nights, and the **Golden Lion** in Dean St., which is strictly to be avoided unless you're into picking up one of Her Majesty's Guardsmen, and paying for the privilege—and risks!

There are, however, lots of gay clubs in this part of town, ranging from the cheap and friendly to the very expensive and pretentious. In choosing which ones to visit, you can usually follow the rule of thumb that the more expensive they are, the more likely they are to be traditionally English, overdressed, and camp.

One of the most pleasant is the **Festival Club** (2 Brydges Place), a tiny alley off St. Martin's Lane. It's open seven days a week from 11am to 3pm and 5.30-12pm (Sun. 12-2 and 7-10.30).

It's quietish but intimate and friendly (a good place to talk without being deafened by background music), has inexpensive drinks, and serves full meals for £1.30. A similar place with a slightly older membership, is the **A&B Club**, a few blocks away (27 Wardour St.).

Adam's (28 Leicester Square) although a lot pricier, is also large, elegant, and very popular. Open Tues-Sat. from 8pm until 3am (Sun. 8-2), it offers a sophisticated—and cruisy—disco bars and a restaurant that serves good light meals. Be prepared to pay 90p for a pint of lager, though. **Napoleon's** (2 Lancashire Court 143 Bond St.), is open Mon-Sat. from 6pm to 3am. It's rather small, very expensive, and the venue for clothes competitions among the members. Not bad if you want to pick up camp young men, but beware of hustlers. **Footbert's** (18 Foubert's Place) is mixed by mostly gay—it has a good restaurant, and tends to attract the same crowd as Napoleon's, as does **Oscar's** (4 Greek St.). In all cases it's questionable whether the extra bit of elegance is worth the great deal of money you'll pay for drinks, but if you like comfort then these clubs might be worth a visit.

Although gay discos are a comparatively new development in London, they've already become well-established and a lot of fun. Best and biggest is **Bangs** (157 Charing Cross Road), which operates from 9pm to 2am on Mon. and

Thurs. nights. Membership is optional, but is necessary and a must for some members and L1 per visit (L2 for guests), though the management are generally friendly and sympathetic to occasional visitors. So that there's no real problem in gaining admission. On a crowded night there, the entry line up to a couple of thousand gays hanging at Bangs, with a very wide range of guys there to suit all tastes. (Remember, the main dance floor is a little dark for good cruising.) It's a very loud, quite unpretentious and provides good films, slides and lights to look at if you need a rest from dancing.

Glades, at the Global Village Villiers St. is similar, though on a smaller scale. It's open Wed. from 8pm to 3am (membership L2, guests L1.25), while on Fri. and Sat. nights the "in" place is **Spats** (37 Oxford St.), open 10-3. On Thurs-Sat. you can also go to the **Rainbow** (316 Green Lane) in North London. The first of all the London gay discos, it now also features a drag show Thurs. night. Mention should be made here of the "alternative" discos, which are also to be found in North London. The University of London Gaysoc runs them at the **Solo Arms** (Hampstead Road) on Wed. from 8 to 11pm, and the gay **releasing** party ending group **cebreakers** has them at the **Prince Albert** (Wharfedale Road) on Fri. from 8.30-11. Admission to the **alternative**

(Continued on 62)

ON THE BEACH

Fiction by Mark Hiers

Illustration by Larry West

There was a perfect choice. A two-bedroom bungalow with decks on four sides, situated atop a hill and surrounded by tall walls as if it were a desert monastery. There was nothing that looked like a house, really. Except, maybe, a monastery.

Windell Owens needed peace and quiet. He had just finished six months' work on a musical version of *Wuthering Heights* entitled *Cathy*, which had closed after one performance on Broadway. He knew before the final curtain that the show was sinking. He had decided to send the *Times* critic a message.

He was thirty-seven and a veteran Broadway director and his nerves were raw. He arrived about noon in a rented station wagon and had packed with him, beside his clothing, a book, the said *Times* critic. All had an immediate and soothing effect. He knew he had found a little bit of Eden.

At twelve-thirty he had his first visitor, Ted. It could not be termed a normal visit. Ted was, like Windell,

some kind of performer on Broadway. He saw he owned the place, right off the bat, knowing that the room through the open door was also his.

"Nice place," Ted said. "It's a hot one today, isn't it? A fair one, too, huh?"

"Why the hell not?" Windell demanded. "It's a fair one, isn't it?"

Ted nodded and, much surprised, he took the message into the house and left it on the desk. "You're a real one, aren't you? Where are you?"

"I'm a writer," Ted said. "I'm a writer, isn't it?"

"I'm a writer," Ted said. "I'm a writer, isn't it?"

"I'm a writer," Ted said. "I'm a writer, isn't it?"

"I'm a writer," Ted said. "I'm a writer, isn't it?"

Lucan never closed his doors, much less locked them. It was one hell of a party around here all the time."

Windell eyed the handsome youth a moment before replying. Ted was a big muscular, suntanned stud with dark hair, a moustache and one hairy nut hanging out of his cut-offs. Ted reminded Windell of a Colt Studio mode.

"I am here for a rest. I need peace and quiet. Good-bye, Ted."

Ted lit a fat joint and inhaled deeply. He was as casual as if lighting a cigarette. Windell refused the joint. "You're sorta stuffy," Ted said. "Ain't you gay?"

"What I do in bed is my own business and no one else's. I'm here for a rest. Doctor's orders." The last wasn't true, but it sounded good and Windell hoped it would pry Ted from the sofa.

It didn't. "A closet case, huh? Well, that won't last long around here. You get one look at all that ass and cock running around on the beach all day and you'll come jumping out. You're going..."

"Good-bye, Ted."

Ted shrugged and left as he had arrived, down the beach, happily smoking his joint and scratching his crotch. Windell went back to his unpacking.

"All right! Lucan, where's he hiding?"

Windell rushed back into the living room, annoyed by another new voice. The young man standing in his living room was more good looking than the one who'd just left, only blond and clean shaven. He wore a very small bikini.

"You're not Lucan!" the blond exclaimed.

"Neither are you!" Windell shot back. "What are you doing in my house?" Windell experienced a moment of *déjà vu* and wondered if the whole summer was going to be like this, or just today?

"Where's Lucan?"

"I don't know," Windell answered. "Probably taking a rest cure someplace. I've leased this for the summer."

"Oh," the blond said, grinning. "In that case, where's Ted?"

Windell raised his hand, intending to point in his best cut-em-off-at-the-pass manner. The blond's grin widened as he stepped forward and shook Windell's hand, leaving Windell totally confused.

"Hi, I'm James. I live next door in that little salt box on the south side of you."

"Charmed, I'm sure," Windell replied dryly, retrieving his hand from James' paw. God, he thought, *are they all this big around here?* "I'm Windell Owens and all I want is some peace and quiet. Ted's on the beach somewhere. Good-bye."

"Hey, thanks a lot, Windell. See ya!" And James bounded away.

"I hope not," Windell muttered.

He dwelled a moment on James' beautiful body and concluded that James and Ted were probably well matched and he was getting so old that he hadn't experienced the slightest sexual interest in either one of them. God! He did need a rest!

Windell was a meticulous man, in work and in private. By the time he was unpacked and had everything arranged (or re-arranged) to suit him, it was five o'clock. He made himself a tall, cool drink and settled down on the sofa. The sliding glass doors were open and a wonderful, salty breeze cooled the room.

He had reluctantly agreed to read some scripts while on vacation. His agent had been most insistent that he get something for a fall opening in New York after the "Cathy!" disaster. He picked up a script, opened the cover and

Ted walked in, followed by James, and about five other young men in beach wear. They were all talking excitedly, a polyglot of sound, and helped themselves at his bar. A dark, soul-eyed Latin-type wearing cut-offs settled himself next to Windell without a word.

"Hey, man," the smallest of the beach boys said, "this is great scotch. Ole Lucan never kept anything this good. Just rot gut."

I wouldn't wonder, Windell thought. Lucan was a smart man.

He got out.

Ted raised his glass. "Welcome to the beach, Windell Owens." Everyone drank to Windell.

Lucan probably hid the good scotch, Windell thought. He looked at the young man seated beside him. "Who are you?"

"Carlo."

"Hello, Carlo. I'm Windell."

Carlo just smiled and nodded.

"Carlo don't talk too much," Ted informed him. "Just now and then when he has something important to say. Ain't that right, Carlo?"

Carlo just smiled and nodded.

"Ted," Windell said, feeling exasperated, "I thought I said the house party was over."

Everyone ignored him.

Windell was in the theater. He did not like being ignored. He rose, walked to the center of the room, clapped his hands together sharply for attention (and got it this time), then in his best commander-at-sea voice said, "Now hear this! Get the fuck outta my house!"

"Jeez," a beach boy muttered, "whatta downer you are, man."

Windell glared at the youth who immediately headed for the deck.

"And leave the glassware, please!"

"We always bring 'em back," another beach boy complained. "Sooner or later."

"I like sooner. Like now, man," Windell said in his best New-York-tough-guy voice. The beach boy put the glass down on the coffee table, where it began to make a ring. Windell groaned.

"Hey, man, it was really nice to have a drink with you," James said, pumping his limp hand. "Welcome to the beach. We'll probably see you later at The Toilet."

The what? Windell said, taken aback.

"The new disco that just opened. It's a blast. See you later, James and Ted left arm in arm, trailed by the ever-silent Carlo."

Windell shook his head as if to clear it of fog. Then he shut the sliding glass doors and locked them. So much for clean air! He turned on the central air conditioning. Amazing how nothing he said had any effect.

If I ever find this Lucan, he thought, I'm going to strangle him. No wonder he left for the summer!

The next morning Windell woke feeling refreshed. He bounded from the bed, determined to take an early morning plunge in the ocean. The sun was just peeking above the horizon, the sea was as calm as a bathtub, the beach deserted.

He opened the sliding glass doors, strode toward the beach and fell flat on his face.

He had fallen over Ted, who was curled up in a sleeping bag on the deck.

"What the hell!" Ted cried, startled from sleep.

"I've broken both legs and an arm," Windell muttered in a strangely calm voice. "Three ribs, too." He rolled onto his back painfully. "A tibia, a femur, and my entire spine." Then, painfully, "Why are you sleeping on my deck?"

"James threw me outta the house."

"Oh. Terrific. So you picked my deck for a bedroom. Wonderful. Why can't you guys understand that all I want..."

You seemed a real sympathetic sort.

I'm not. Really I'm not.

"And one hell of a nice guy."

"Actually I'm rotten."

And I was sure you would understand.

But I don't, Ted. Windell gained his feet, groaning. "I don't understand any of this, I feel like someone in a Kafka story. All I wanted was an early swim..."

"Great idea," Ted exclaimed. He quickly disentangled himself from the sleeping bag and bare assed, bounded off the deck, across the beach and into the surf.

Windell just stood there, a winsome expression on his face, wondering if he had actually lost the power of speech and no

(continued on 79)

Robert Mitchum

by Steve Warren

They should change the word from 'macho' to 'mitcho' to describe him, but Robert Mitchum, the only actor who's had a deodorant named for him, is too lazy to ask them to.

He talks easy and he talks tough, but he tells the press his later image is "your fault, not mine." Still, at our second interview he seems anxious to discuss his criminal associates as far apart as New England and Old Mexico.

Pitching his current movies certainly isn't foremost in his mind. He dismisses *The Big Sleep*, *The Amsterdam Kill* and *Malibu* with "None of 'em make sense."

Born 61 years ago in Bridgeport, Conn., Mitchum has traveled all over the world. He "bummed around as a kid, seeing the Southern states and learning different regional names for marijuana. 'They used to call it mullet weed in Georgia, (something else) in New Orleans and injun tobacco in Arkansas.'

The substance grew everywhere in those days, Mitchum says, because of his fellow nonpaying passengers "dropping seeds anywhere the railroad went."

In 1948 the actor's fledgling movie career was interrupted when he was busted for possession. He served 60 days of a two-year sentence before the case was thrown out of court.

"It's been written that Mitchum was a scapegoat. He doesn't express it quite that way, but says that Howard Hughes, to whom he was under contract at RKO at the time, "wanted to blow it wide open. But I said I'd do the time—it would have hurt too many people." In any case, Hughes kept him working and the scandal didn't affect his career—which must have sent a lot of press agents scurrying for new ways to justify their existence.

You might think the experience would have made Mitchum a spokesman for marijuana legalization, but he's too much of a realist for that. "It's impossible to legalize it," he says. "They legalized alcohol because they had a tax base—it costs 75 cents a gallon to make and the tax is over \$21. But there's no base for taxing cannabis. There are too many varieties and no way of measuring the potency except by smoking it. With liquor you can measure the alcoholic content."

Another political fight that doesn't concern Mitchum is the battle for gay rights. "It's really immaterial to me. I find close collaboration highly suspect. I figure somebody's paying for all those handbills. I don't see why you've gotta join something to be somebody. I won't join a political party—I'm registered as a Druid."

If I were homosexual, there are a lot of homosexuals whose company I would not tolerate. . . . It's contrary to the whole concept of individualism—self-defeating. All you gotta do is get people together and you can march 'em over a cliff. He says he's experienced discrimination himself—when he heard that Vassar College was going coed, he applied for gym class and was turned down.

"If I were homosexual, there are a lot of homosexuals whose company I would not tolerate. . . . It's contrary to the whole concept of individualism. . . ."

Before entering the movies, Mitchum worked for a time at a Lockheed plant next to "a big, red-haired Irishman named Jim Dougherty. That was when he met Dougherty's 15-year-old wife, a 'fey wail' named Norma Jean, with whom he would star in *River of No Return* 13 years later. "She was a funny girl, terrified," he says now. "A very incongruous couple those two. He looked like a brick."

Perhaps because he knew her then, Mitchum says he never found Marilyn Monroe very sexy. But others did. The actor reports the following interchange between her and his stand-in, Tim Lalley, during the *River* shooting:

TIM: Hey, Bonnie, how about a round robin this afternoon?

MM: What's that?

TIM: That's where you get together with about three of us and we all boff you.

MM: That sounds dangerous.

TIM: I never heard of anybody dying from it yet.

MM: I bet they do. But that's not what they put in the papers—they call it 'natural' cause.

Of all his leading ladies, Mitchum calls Deborah Kerr (*Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*, *The Sundowners*, *The Grass Is Greener*) his favorite. She makes it very easy. She could be in Switzerland and could be here and we could make the picture over the phone.

Mitchum's most accomplished role in years was as Raymond Chandler's detective hero, Philip Marlowe, in *Farewell, My Lovely*. He recalls the day the part was offered to him: a hot August afternoon when he was lounging by his pool with "Sarah Miles and her kid." He had recently seen the 1948 version and thought it held up well, so he asked the producer, "Why don't we just buy it? We can re-release it and all go to the fucking beach!"

They filmed in a sandy section of L.A., he says, near "my first home—the Union Rescue Mission. All the bums knew me. They said, 'Hey, Bob, we come back.' His costume was, according to the wardrobe label, originally made for Victor Mature. It hadn't been cleaned since.

His suits for this year's Marlowe adventure, *The Big Sleep*, were custom-made on London's Savile Row, but Mitchum felt less at home in them.

They build suits today like for guitarists. You bend over and you're naked. He misses the good old days when he says, "I wore the same suit in eight pictures right straight through. They never stopped the camera—just moved in a new leading boy."

Mitchum claims his criteria for choosing a script are "minimal effort, a lot of time off and all the normally attractive things." He says he miscalculated when he accepted *The Big Sleep*. "I figured with all those people in the picture they'd dwell on them. I didn't think I'd be in every scene with every

How he plays his character is, he says, the province of the director. "I don't think I've ever read any Chandler." Did he do any research? "I read the script."

THE ART OF WAYNE QUINN



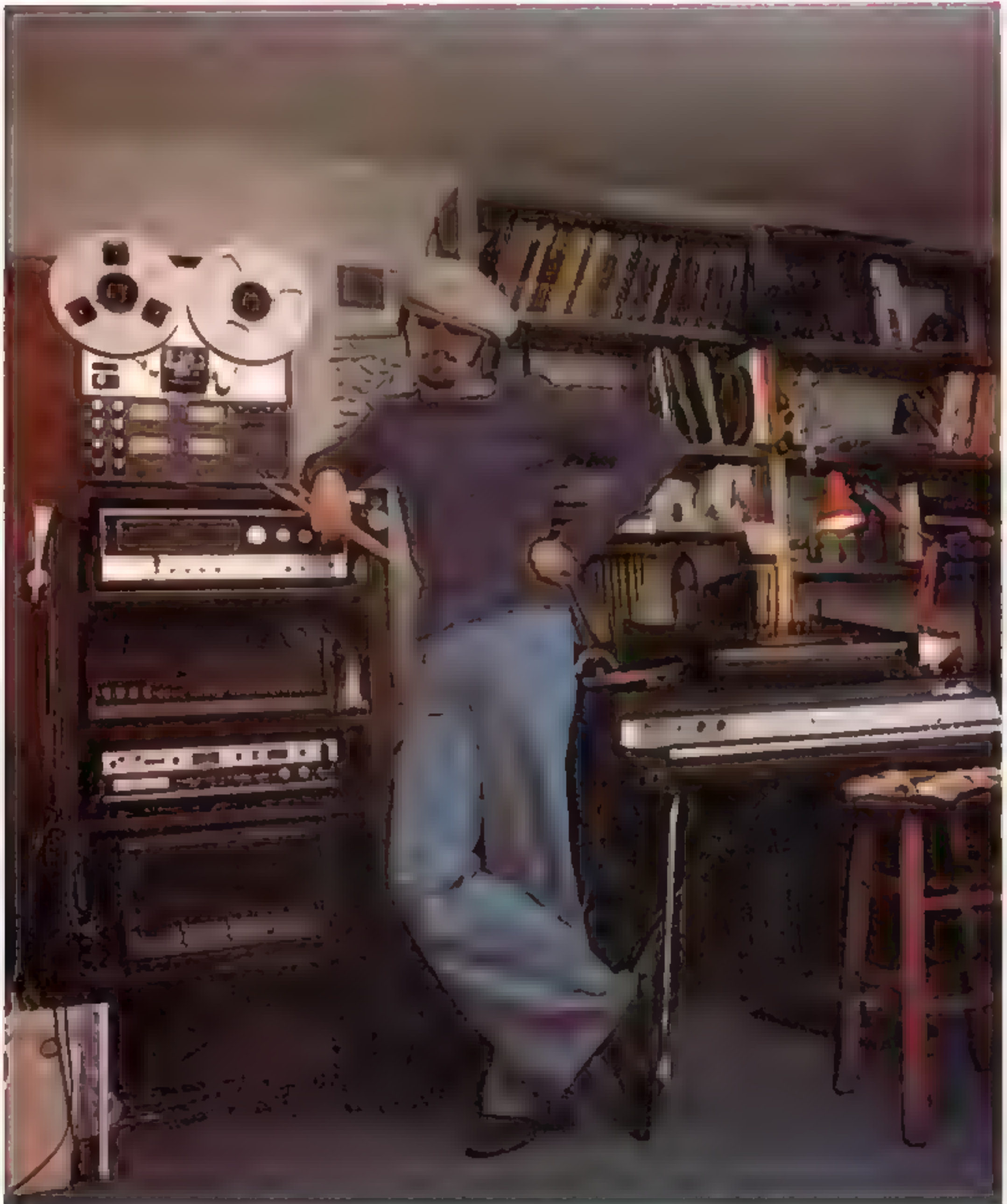
*"Art is antisocial," says 37-year-old Wayne Quinn, whose one-man show was recently on view at San Francisco's Tyson Gallery and featured in the highly acclaimed new book, *The Art of Wayne Quinn*. "An artist's life isn't confined by class structure and social values. My art is a direct translation of my feelings and experiences. It's more an expression of love than sexuality. Homosexuality is a valid theme, and it runs through my work*

"I'm no genius—I'm a plodder. Good work takes time and concentration." And, though he modestly neglected to mention it, lots and lots of talent.





PULSE:



PETER BROWN

by Damon West

Peter Brown has finally come out of the bedroom, only to discover that it takes ten to do in public what he did best all by himself in private behind the bedroom door. Brown is the do-it-yourself hit-maker from the Chicago suburb of Palos Heights who produced the nation's first certified gold 12-inch single disco hit, "Do You Wanna Get Funky With Me?" on a four-track tape recorder in the wood-paneled bedroom of his parents' home and is still riding the charts with "Dance With Me," which is also from his debut Drive album, *A Fantasy Love Affair*, also certified gold.

In rapid order, though he had never performed publicly and still didn't have a band to reproduce live the sound he had created through overdubbing, multiple tracks and synthesizers, Brown made his baptism: professional appearance lip-synching on "American Bandstand" and collected eight major awards from the collected industry's leading trade publications.

Record World named him Number One Top Male Vocalist (Disco), Number One Top New Male Vocalist (Disco) and Outstanding New Performer. *Cash Box* went even further. It named him Top Male Vocalist (R&B singles), Top New Male Vocalist (R&B singles) and Top Male Vocalist (pop singles).

Demonstrating the variety of his music and its appeal, Brown also scored as one of the top two male vocalists in the R&B LP category and one of the top three R&B male crossover artists of the year.

When I met Peter a few months ago, he had just been filmed for a segment of CBS-TV's "60 Minutes," chosen with Donna Summer and the Bee Gees to perform on the Billboard Disco Convention show, and completed the careful selection of the seven-piece band which would reproduce in public performance the hits that were produced out of solitary pleasures. We were impressed with the discipline and self-assurance with which an obviously private person was proceeding with the business of going public and handling the demands of fame and a growing entourage.

Peter Brown, whose father is an electronics engineer, grew up with tape recorders, learning to play and create with them much as the rest of us acquire a facility in language. There was an organ in the Brown home, too. No one played it. It was simply a piece of inspirational furniture.

At 13, Peter taught himself how to play the drums. "I would listen to records in a very analytical way. I listened to the drum and bass parts and just figured what they were doing in relation to the other instruments." For some years following, he gigged with local student bands, until high school when he discovered the Jorgensen Rangerettes, a baton-twirling corps that played rock rather than martial music.

The Rangerettes had a drummer, so Peter, anxious for the travel the Rangerettes enjoyed during summer competitive tours, learned to play that dusty family organ and convinced the ladies who ran the corps that he was the key-board man the 100 baton twirlers had been waiting for. He traveled with the Rangerettes during five award-winning years and eventually became their musical director.

... an amazing success story of what one young man can accomplish, alone, with just one bedroom and 24 simple tracks.

Attending The Art Institute of Chicago and intent upon becoming a commercial artist, Peter was spending more time recording in the bedroom which had now grown to become a full recording studio. He began composing, accumulating more instruments and a four-track tape recorder so that he could play his songs in the multi-layered fashion that he heard in his head.

Because there was no one else for the chore, Peter himself made the demonstration tape of his songs to send to TK Records producer Cory Wade. Wade was encouraging, but Peter had more work ahead of him. He dropped out of school, bought a synthesizer, a piano, a drum set and a dozen percussion instruments and moved himself into a larger bedroom at the house. He overdubbed new "Funky" tracks, simulating violin and bass tracks with the synthesizer, calling in a friend to record a saxophone part.

This time when he sent Wade a four-track tape of "Do You Wanna Get Funky With Me?" there was no question that a very special talent was ripe for an introduction into the marketplace.

Brown's art training did not fail him. He collaborated on the design of his album cover and took the photographs used. The seductive nude silhouetted

in a window on the front of the jacket was, in fact, a very clever cardboard cut-out made and photographed by Peter.

Producer Cory Wade worked with Peter on the intricate process of transferring the recordings to 24 tracks. TK artist Betty Wright contributed the many vocal layers on the second hit to emerge from the album, "Dance With Me."

On the basis of performances delicately and laboriously constructed in his bedroom studio, Peter Brown was out-selling established performers and hit-makers who had paid their dues for years on the circuit. The irony of the situation was not lost on Brown. Briefly, however, the work of creating a live performance to match his studio performance took a back seat to cross-country publicity and promotion tours. There was the immediate need to secure personal management, business managers, press representatives and booking agents for a group that didn't even exist yet.

Peter retreated to the sanity of his bedroom. Not surprisingly, he auditioned and rehearsed most of the players for his group in that bedroom. Peter Brown, whose scene was not disco's even though his voice was filling every disco in the country, a suburban white with an urban black sound, was getting ready to move into the disco spotlight.

In June, 1978 he was ready. His first date was at P-Funk in Madison Square Garden. He had acquired trademarks, a cap that never comes off and sunsensor shades. More engagements followed, a few dates off the beaten path to polish the act: a set at New York's Bottom Line, the Billboard Disco Convention.

"We had to make the decision to reproduce the feeling of the records in live performance when we couldn't necessarily recreate the structured sound. Still, we will be carrying much heavier and sophisticated equipment than most rock bands."

That bedroom in that good home was often sanctuary and sanity in the months which followed the release of the long single and the album. Brown was determined at once to enjoy the success but not to be burnt out by it. What impresses about Brown is his sensibility, backed by a talent to create and grow with the times. Obviously, he won't be content to settle for being one season's flash in the pan, but neither will he rise or fall solely by having his work rising with a bullet on the music trade charts.

Horatio

by William Russo

Horatio Alger has sold more books than any other American writer. Estimates are that his 119 novels and biographies total nearly 400,000,000 printed copies. And yet, several generations of admirers have never learned who and what Horatio Alger truly was. Touted as the man who gave boys the moral blueprint to achieve financial and personal success, Alger was an unobtrusive homosexual. For over a hundred years, Alger's personality has been shrouded in myth. The truth will shatter, deservedly, the hypocrisy of an American dream yet it is amazing to learn that Alger—so much a part of America's moral fabric—was a chicken hawk of some notoriety. Heaven knows how Anita Bryant will take this latest revelation.

One of America's cultural myths has been that of the "Horatio Alger story"—the rags to riches success. Most of today's college students think Alger is a famous American character, like Scarlett O'Hara or Huck Finn. Others think he is a self-made millionaire, like Andrew Carnegie or Thomas Edison. The truth is that Alger was a novelist—and no literary artist (more like a Harold Robbins for boys). In the years after the Civil War, Alger was a minor-league Charles Dickens, a social reformer who imbued boys with the belief that they could grow up to be rich and successful, calling his fiction the Pluck 'n Luck series.

Disclosure of Alger's homosexuality has been hampered by some strange scholarship and research. In 1928 Herbert Mayes, a young journalist, wrote his *Biography Without a Hero*, considered the definitive work on Horatio Alger. In 1974, Mayes revealed that the book was pure fiction, that he had written it as a prank and filled it with "absurd fabrications." Many legitimate sources picked up the details (e.g., Horatio's dalliance with a Parisian prostitute, his temporary insanity, etc.) and critics or scholars simply reported these ironies as truth! Mayes invented Alger's often-quoted "diary", what has been used as the end-all of information has not a single shred of veracity to it.

Born in 1832 in Revere, Massachusetts, Horatio was the son of a rigid Unitarian minister whose autocratic Yankee demeanor is reputed to have

scarred the boy for life, leaving young Horatio an emotional cripple. In many ways, Alger was a weak person; he seemed to be attracted to strength. As a student, he was nicknamed "Holy Horatio"; young Alger was a model of decorum—and probably was a little priggish. Schooled at Harvard, Alger was a hard worker and ranked highly in his class of 1852. Melville's *Moby Dick* came out that year—and Alger was enamored of the camaraderie of sailors. As a result, he too, wanted to be a writer. He always wanted to lead an adventurous life. To prove his strength, Horatio broke away from his father and boarded with a kindly older gentleman named Lloyd Thurstone. Their relationship was intimate, and when Thurstone died in 1860, he bequeathed to Horatio a sum of several thousand dollars.



Alger's early career included work as an assistant editor of a Boston newspaper. But this did not really suit him, and after two years he turned to education, teaching the classics at Deerfield Academy. One might believe that Alger was already deeply attracted to boys, and he quickly became principal at Deerfield. His rapport with adolescent males would later become more intense and obsessive. For reasons never made clear, however, he suddenly resigned his position and returned to Boston as a private tutor.

Alger was hired by Joseph Seligman to be the teacher of Seligman's (nephews). This proved to be an overwhelming task for the prissy Alger, whose favorite cry of alarm was "Lordy-me!" But Alger apparently enjoyed being harassed by the boys. As one example of their mischief, they asked Alger to pay bills with them. Extremely nearsighted, Alger was easy to trick. The boys would substitute apples for the red balls. Each time Horatio used his cue stick, he'd shred the apples and would cry out: "Oh, Lordy-me, I've broken another ball! I don't know my own strength!" But the boys were never truly malicious. Long after they were grown, they kept in contact with Alger.

At this time, Alger's father again exerted his influence over his son, and Horatio enrolled in Harvard Divinity School. Within two years he was an ordained Unitarian minister—and yet, after graduation, he went to Paris with his maternal cousin. While there, Horatio supposedly had the Mayes-reputed affair with a French girl; this is untrue, but Horatio's behavior on the Continent did cause his family some alarm. Whatever he did in Paris, it earned him the reputation of being rebellious. Alger was in Europe to learn about life, and he refused to return home until he recognized his goal. When Alger came back to Boston, the Civil War was underway.

Rejected for military service because he was considered unfit—sickly and unmilitary—Horatio accepted the position of pastor at the Unitarian Church in Brewster, Massachusetts. And here begins a tale. It seems that Horatio dedicated himself to befriending the town's youth. In fact, he would often take the Cape Cod boys for private dunes de picnics. Soon, the truth came out. Alger was sexually involved with the boys. He was arrested. Town citizens refused to listen to his preaching any longer. Horatio was forced to resign his pastorate, and he was banished from Brewster. In early 1866, Alger moved to New York City.

Horatio loved New York! He haunted the streets, cruising endlessly, night and day, learning all the details of city life which he would later use in his novels. The avenues of Manhattan were teeming

with urchins and orphans who'd lost parents in the Civil War. Thousands of youngsters were engaged in forms of hustling: they worked as bootblacks, match boys, newsboys, or musicians. The byways of New York City were the habitat of Walt Whitman, who often wandered about the great metropolis unknown to the author of *Leaves of Grass*. Alger followed him everywhere. Infatuated and fascinated, Horatio was afraid to approach the literary giant.

A friend of Alger's, the editor of a children's magazine, *Student and Schoolmate*, commissioned Horatio to write some stories for boys. Soon, Alger had invented his most famous character—a bootblack of extraordinary personal qualities named Richard Hunter, better known as Ragged Dick. Hunter, the hero of six subsequent novels. The stories were immediately successful, catapulting Alger to the forefront of American adulation. Like his own literary creations, Horatio achieved fame and fortune.

Alger's publications brought him to the attention of Charles O'Connor, superintendent of the Newsboys' Lodging House. The Lodging House was created by O'Connor to help orphan boys giving them a place to sleep for the night and a place to have something to eat. There were thousands of boys in torn shirts and lattered pants who were at the mercy of strangers every night. O'Connor sought out Alger, brought him to the house, gave him a tour, and said that Alger would find many inspirations for future stories in the boys' home. The two men soon became intimate friends and formed a lifelong alliance. Alger offered his services as spiritual advisor to the Newsboys' Lodging House. During the next thirty years, Horatio spent nearly all his time—and all his money—on the hosts.

Inspiration did, indeed, seem to come to Alger after his association with the Newsboys' Lodging House; he put out five or six novels per year for twenty years. But Alger wanted to do more than write slick entertainments for children. He was genuinely horrified by the mistreatment of boys he encountered. For instance, parents in Europe were selling their children to "padrones" in America—Fagin-type businessmen. Alger discovered many such rings in New York City. Boys would work as bootblacks, match-boys, or street musicians, turning over their meager earnings to their "guardian." Boys who did not meet their quotas were whipped or beaten. Horatio wrote a book entitled *Phil the Fiddler* about an Italian urchin, Filippo, who suffers such treatment. The text abounds with horrific child abuse.

The boys began to strip mechanically knowing there was no appeal. Phil stood bare to the waist. The padrone seized the stick and began to belabor him. Phil's

brown face showed by its contortions the pain he suffered, but he was too proud to cry out. When the punishment was finished his back was streaked with red and looked maimed and bruised.

There was public outrage at the atrocities which Alger revealed. And Horatio was credited with initiating reforms and laws to protect orphans and gamins from abuse and mishandling. Nevertheless, his writing seems tainted by the sins he professed to despise. In many ways, his novels are titillating and fraught with covert eroticism. The human nature he depicts is sobering. *Phil looked up and saw two sailors bearing down upon him (to use a nautical phrase) with arms locked, and evidently more liquor on board than they could carry steadily. Phil had met such customers before and knew what would please them. Today this kind of story would probably be banned from television's family hour.*



While at the Newsboys' Lodging House, Alger found his special person. To the boys' home he brought a small Chinese lad whom he saved from the peril of the urban labyrinth. The small fry, named Wing, quickly became Alger's favorite; the author adopted the wail. When it seemed that Alger was happier than any time in his life, Wing was trampled to death by a runaway horse. Unable to write, Horatio took a long vacation in the West.

The ideas in his novels still elicited no curiosity from readers about the author's persuasion. His sexual secret remained safe, but the texts betrayed the truth. The stories for boys are forays into S&M. B&D whippings by older men are rife. Of course, protection is always offered by a benevolent older boy. For instance, Ragged Dick and his roommate Fosdick (yes, those are the characters' names) adopt little Mark the Match-boy. "Dutch Uncle" and Sugar Daddy are not terms to be found in Horatio's novels, but the

language is evident.

Would you like to be my ward?"

"I think I would, but I don't know what it means," said Mark.

"It means that I'm to look after you."

said Dick, "just as if I was your uncle or grandfather. You may call me grandfather if you wish."

Dick Hunter is all of nineteen years old.

Bonds between young men are emblematic. The novel *Making His Way* pictures the friendship of Frank and Herbert. The story ends with this repartee about their decision to live together, their common expenses defrayed by Frank:

"If I didn't like you so well, Frank," said Herbert, "I would not accept this great favor at your hands—"

"But since we are dear friends," interrupts Frank with a smile.

"I know that you enjoy giving more than I do the receiving."

The language of Alger's stories would seem today to be tongue-in-cheek, a careful and euphemistic portrayal of gay relationships. And how odd it is that all Alger's villains seem to have "effeminate ways." The heroic boy is masculine: "frank and manly" and "strong and resolute" are Horatio's favorite words to describe the real man.

According to an Alger expert, Professor N. L. Kelly, Horatio's place in American literature is "no place." His writing is poor, his plots are trite, his characters are never fully developed, and his dialogue is stilted. Even Horatio knew what he wrote was third-rate. He badly wanted to write a serious novel for adults, but was unable. Nevertheless, Alger's works are humorous, although sometimes unintentionally. But, often he seems to be mocking the straight world. In one story a boy says to Ragged Dick:

"I've seen you before."

"Oh, have you?" asks Dick, wheeling around. "Then perhaps you'd like to see me behind."

Another example can be found in *Joe's Luck*, a typical Alger novel. Without a blush, Alger wrote the following throwaway line of dialogue: "Well, I'll be blowed," ejaculated Joe." There are enough of these nuances in Alger's works that readers would find amusing and that make up for the tedious and sentimental lapses.

It is ironic, though, that Alger, for all his influence on generations of Americans, is no longer considered a valid or meaningful writer. Even at his death in 1899, boys were reading more modern, fast-paced books like *Tom Swift*. Horatio was washed up and penniless when he returned to Boston in 1896 to live his last years with a sister. He spent his time writing letters to the boys—now adults—whom he had befriended. Seven respected citizens, all formerly orphan boys, served as Alger's pallbearers.

In light of the recent discovery of Horatio's sexual preferences, perhaps Alger ought to be re-assessed. Gay readers may prove to be Horatio Alger's most perceptive audience.

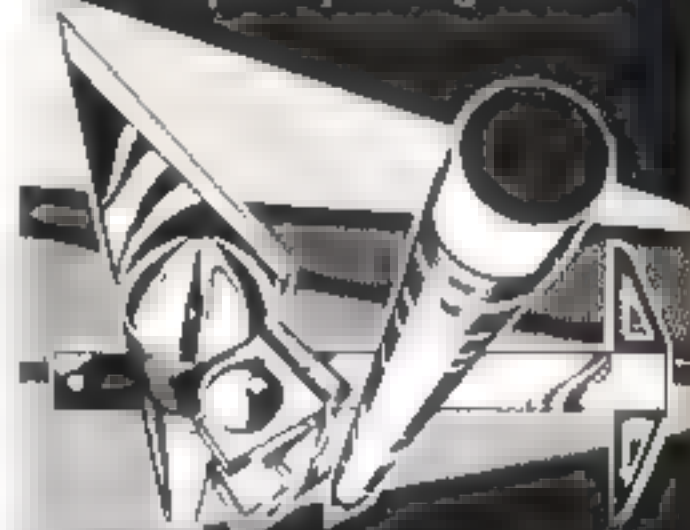
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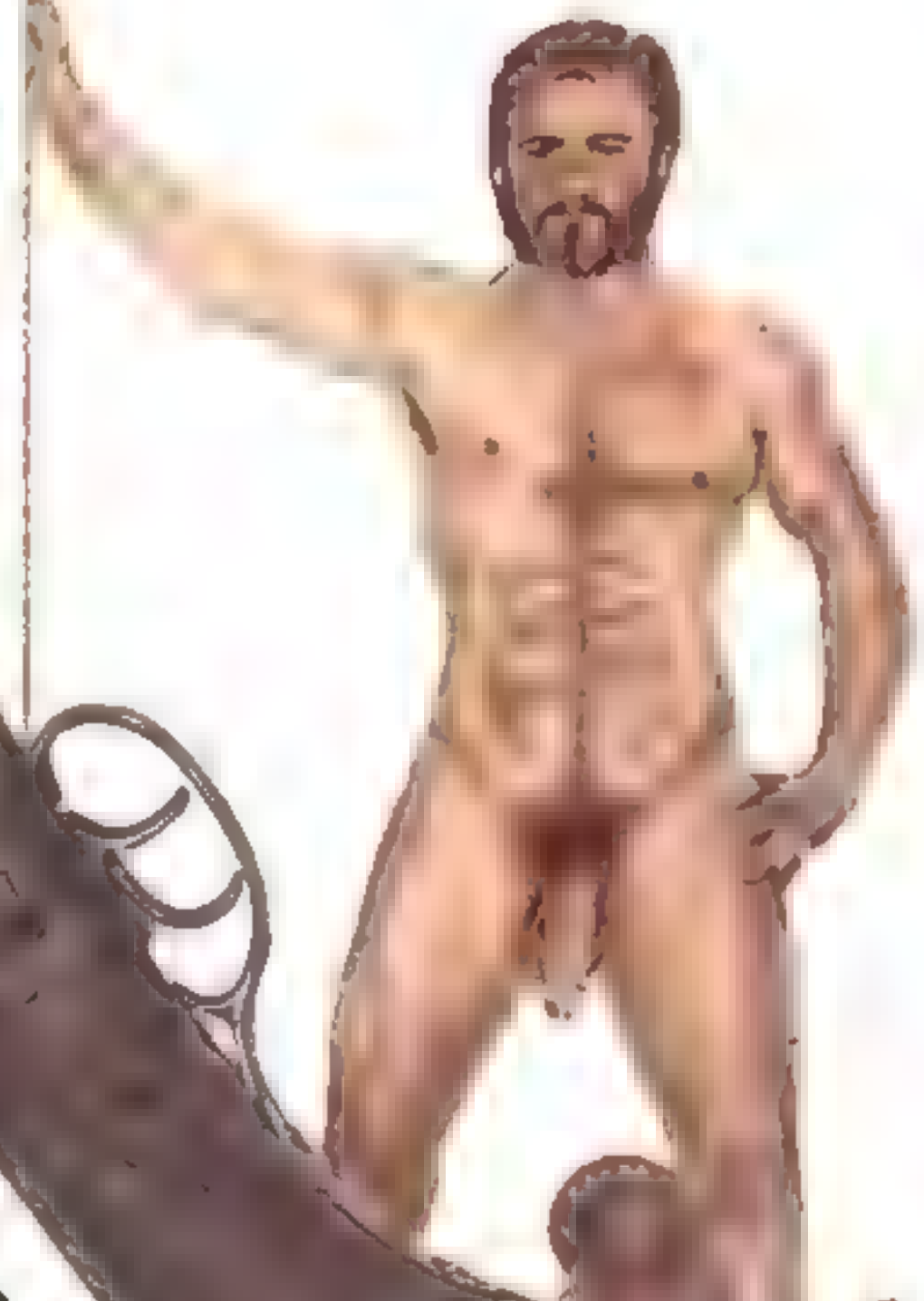
"I try to convey sensitivity rather than just eroticism," says 30-year-old Ryan Boyd, whose self-portrait leads off this display of his talents. "Nudes are always challenging, since there are no costumes or heavy props to rely on—and male nudes particularly so since people already accept the female form as being 'sensitive.'"



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Michael Kearns' Christmas List

Dear Santa,

Inspired by *Los Angeles* magazine's social commentator extraordinaire Joyce Haber, I've come up with a few gift suggestions. Good luck. I'll be waiting up for you.

Michael

ANITA BRYANT a Coors commercial
CAL CULVER a comeback
JERRY BROWN a girlfriend
LINDA RONSTADT a boyfriend
CHER a wife
MARIE OSMOND a brother
JACK WRANGLER a birth certificate
DOLLY PARTON her own hair
ANGIE DICKINSON a wig
DALE EVANS a gay following
SHIRLEY BASSEY a straight following
PAUL LYNDSEY an unlimited supply of Perrier water
BROOKE SHIELDS a Disney film
TATUM O'NEAL a childhood
RYAN O'NEAL a change of expression
BETTE MIDLER an unlimited supply of downers
DAVE KOPAY a haircut

FARRAH FAWCETT MAJORS a kind word
AMY CARTER a muzzle
ROMAN POLANSKI Amy Carter
ANN-MARGRET & ROGER SMITH a baby
STOCKARD CHANNING see Jack Wrangler
ELTON JOHN a correct definition of bisexual
JOAN BAEZ a disco hit
ALLAN CARR a female secretary
JOHN DAVIDSON another drag role
JON VOIGHT an Oscar
RICHARD PRYOR a boycott
TROY PERRY the first leather clergyman drag
ROD McKUEN insulin injections
MICHAEL GREER see Shirley Bassey
JOHN TRAVOLTA baggy pants
CHRISTOPHER STONE a lover
GRACE JONES a lesbian following
LILY TOMLIN a star on Hollywood Blvd
GORE VIDAL a sex change
JOHN BRIGGS a copy of *The Joy of Gay Sex*

TOM TRYON a gothic porno novel
RENEE RICHARDS tennis balls
THE AUTHOR OF *A DIFFERENT STORY* gay consciousness
JOHN RECHY an inflatable doll made in his own image
DYAN CANNON see Jon Voight
BARBRA STREISAND see Dave Kopay
CRAIG RUSSELL another face lift
LIZA MINNELLI subtlety lessons
WAYLAND FLOWERS manners
CHARLES PIERCE a television series
BOB GREEN see Cher
TRUMAN CAPOTE muscle
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER flab
MERV GRUFFIN a diet
FRED HALSTED a legit movie role
REX REED a date with Joyce Haber
NORMAN MAILER a friend
ROCK HUDSON an unlimited supply of coat hangers
GORDON GRANT a date with Fred Halsted (to be filmed)
JIM SPADA an answer from his father
JIM BAILEY a new act
JOYCE HABER an idea I can't rip off

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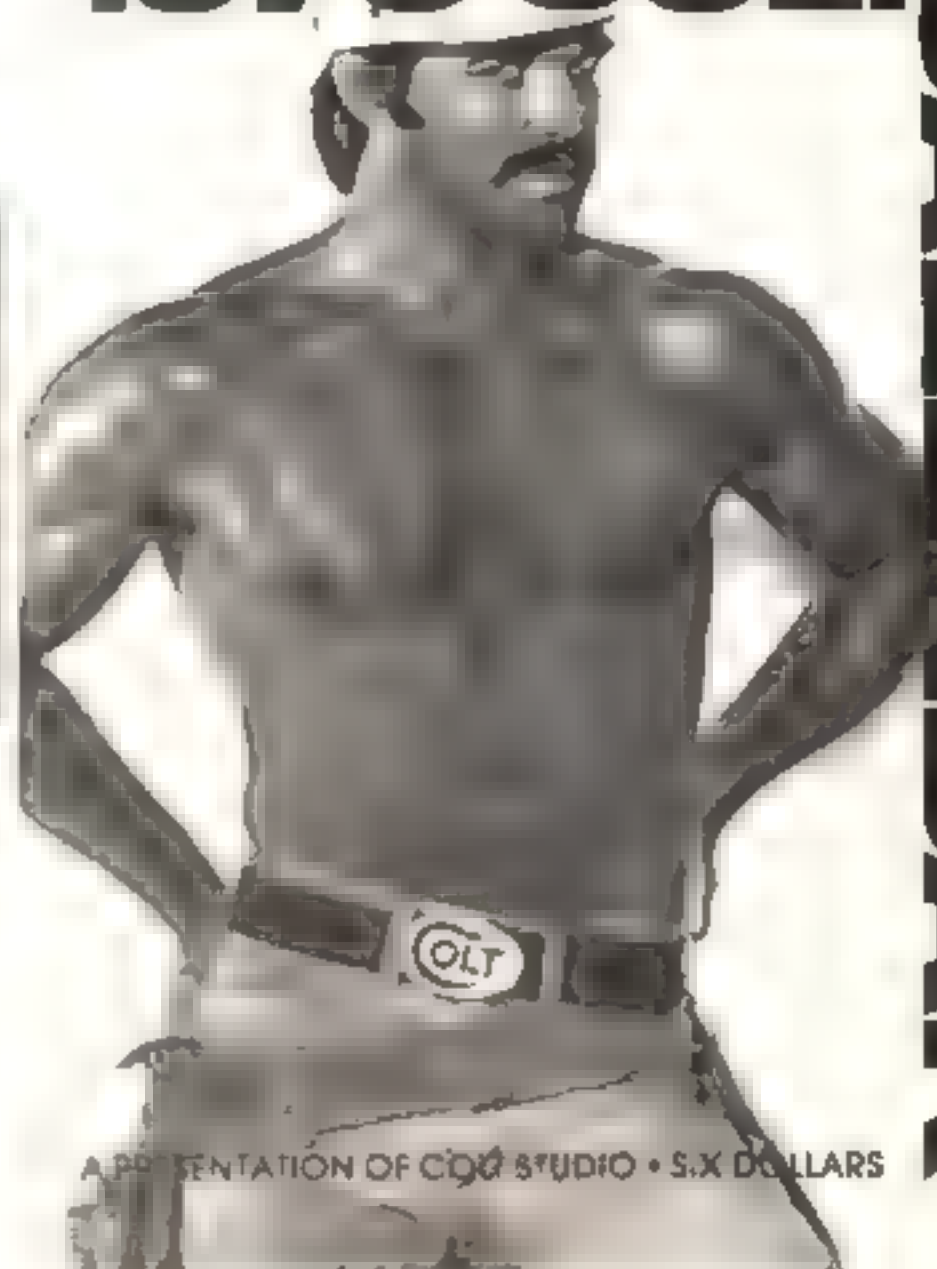
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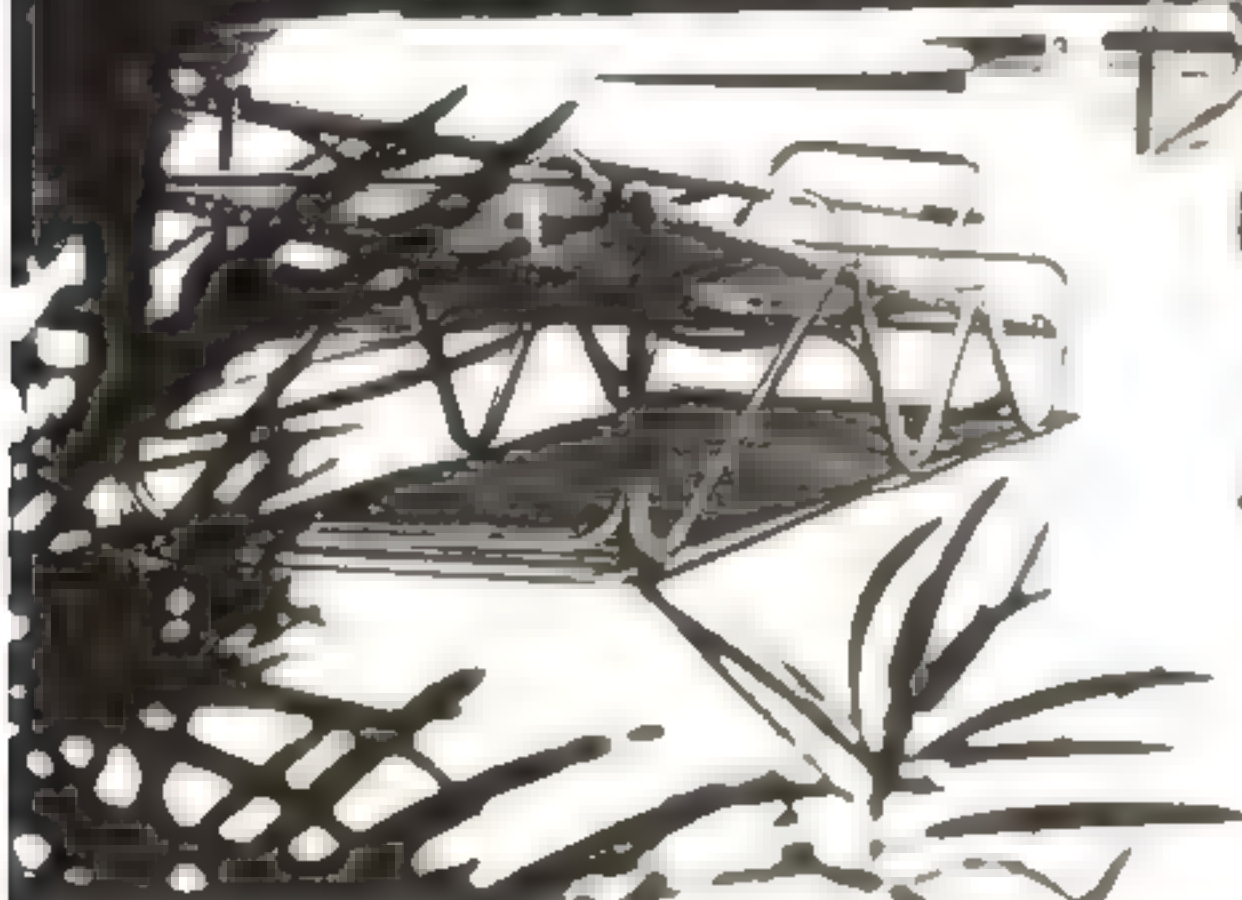
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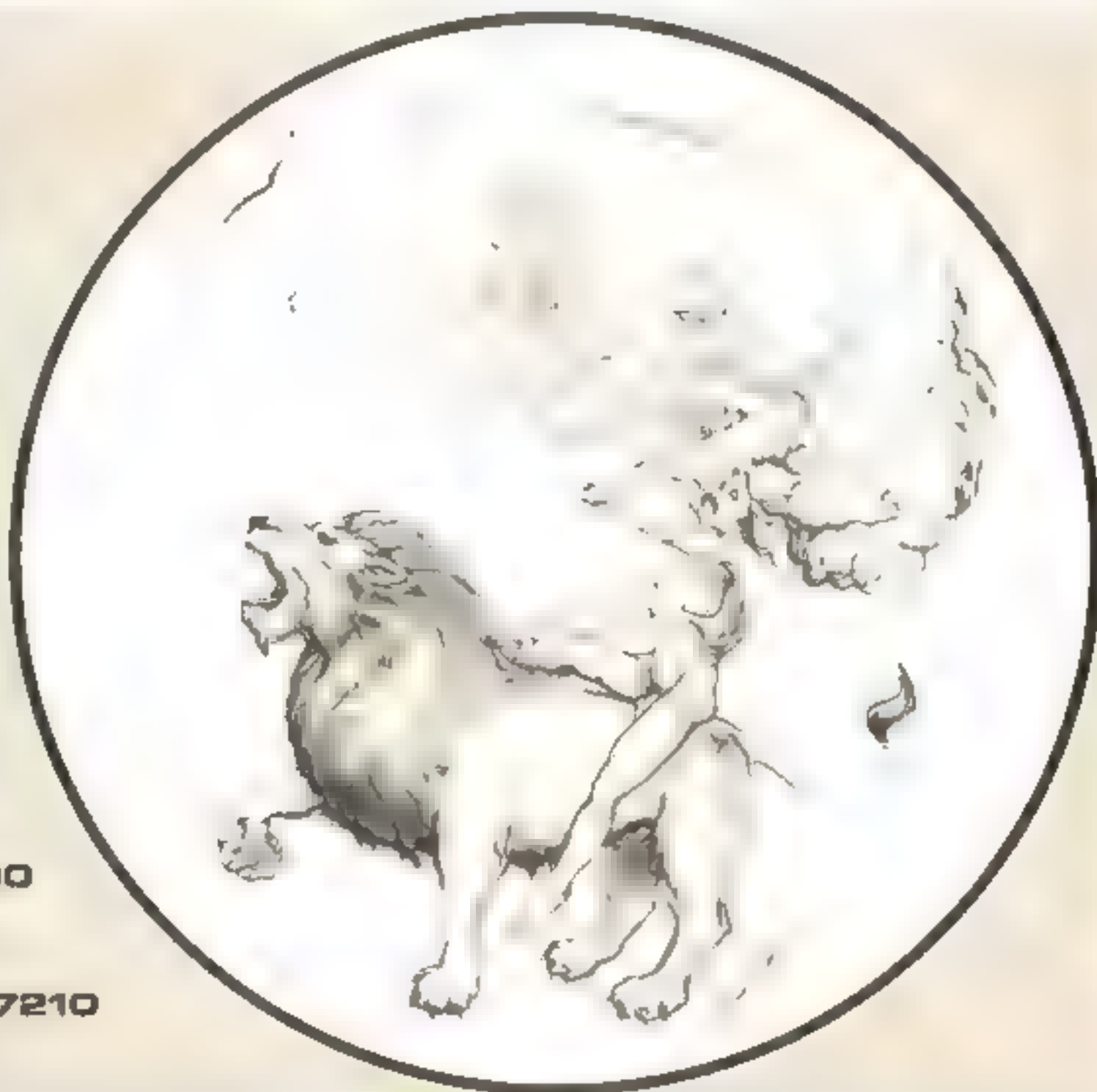
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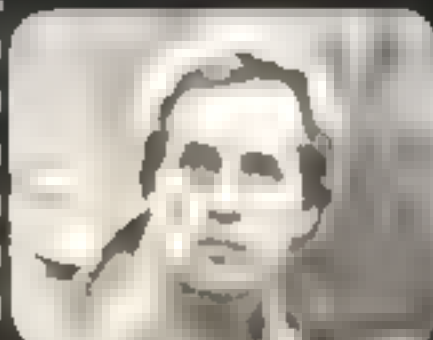
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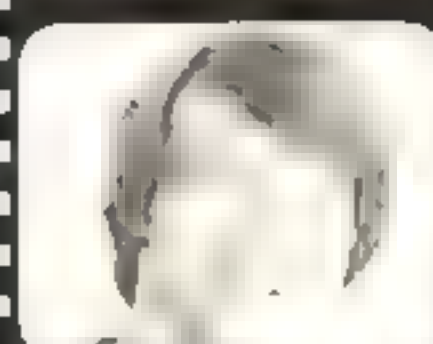
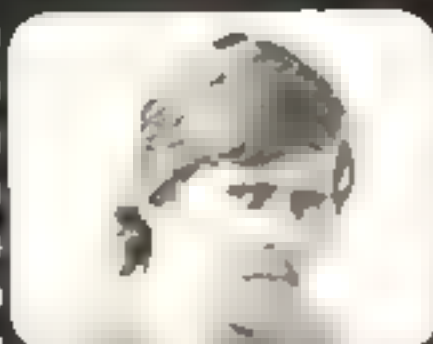


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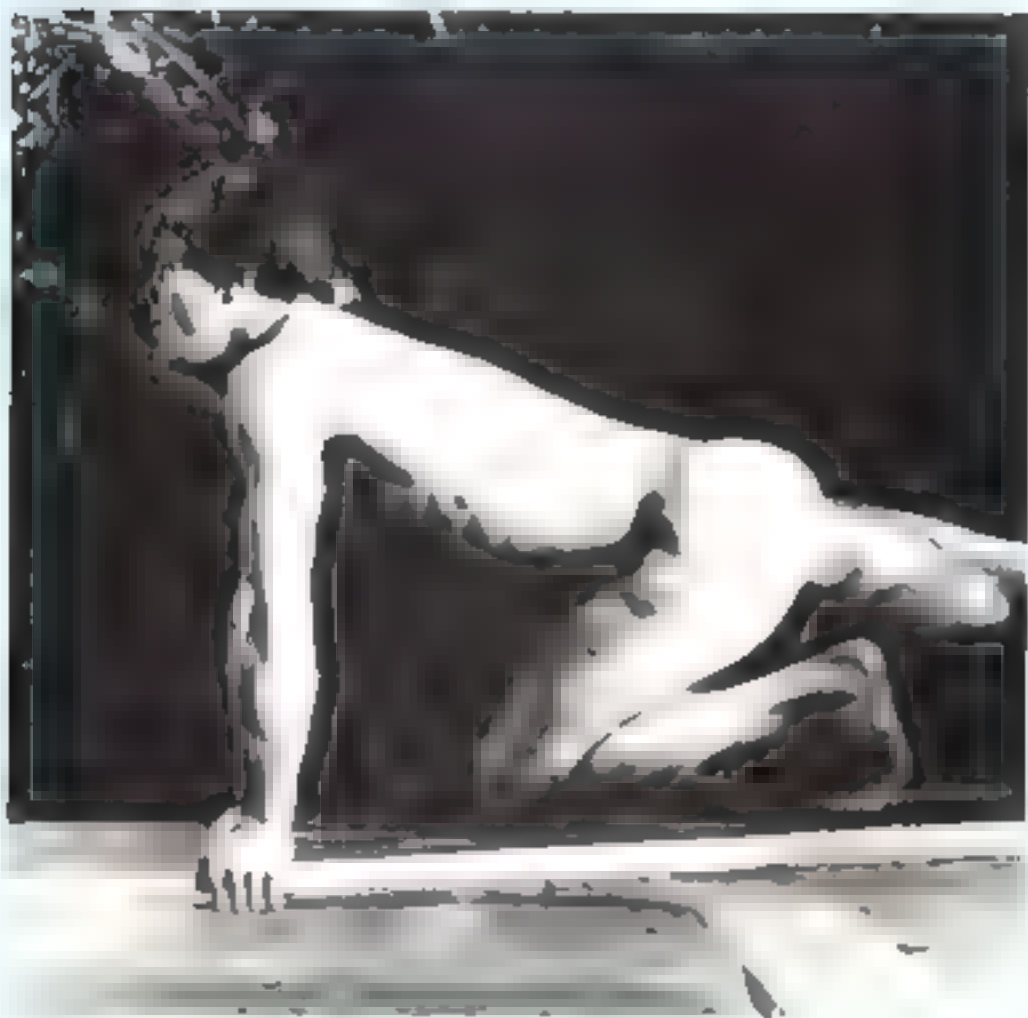


INTRODUCING KEVIN COXE

California born and bred, 20-year-old Kevin Coxe is currently a college student majoring in drama. A Leo with a strong aggressive drive, Kevin's a natural-born leader. He's a devoted gymnast and excels in tennis, soccer, and swimming. A Target Studios discovery, Kevin looks on modeling as just another aspect of his primary interest: acting. With looks like Kevin's, he's a natural to succeed in anything he tries.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TARGET STUDIOS







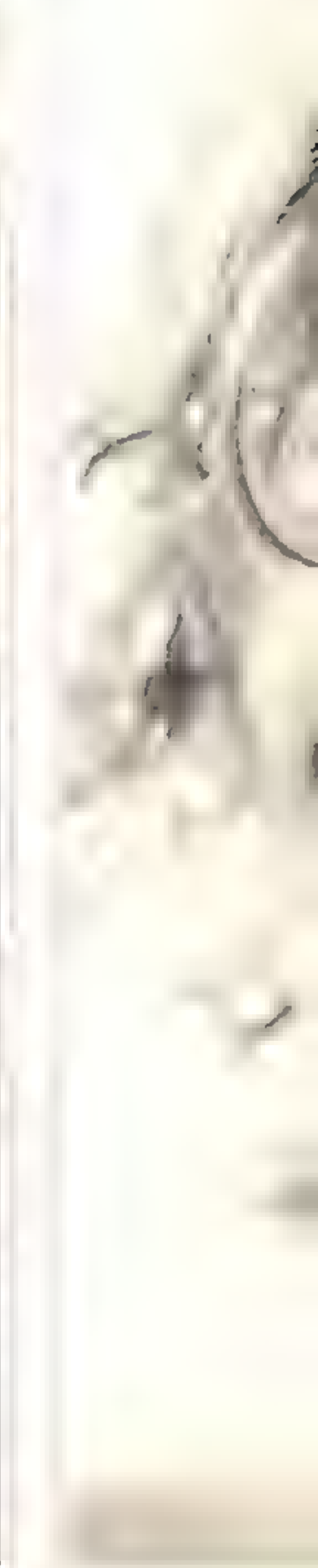


INTRODUCING JERRY DEAN

He likes to think of himself as "just a good old Southern boy" from Georgia, but don't let him fool you. Jerry Dean is 22, a Libra ("That means free, man," he says with a grin), and, in his own definition, "a heller on wheels." Still, Jerry's friends say his bark is worse than his bite, and that there's a calmer, more settled side to his nature he doesn't often like to show around strangers. When pressed for an explanation of the apparent disparity in his character, Jerry just smiles and shrugs. "I guess you just have to get to know me," he says. We'll drink to that.



PHOTOGRAPHY
BY KURT NORCROSS















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PHOTOGRAPHY

INTRODUCING PAUL STOKES

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LONDON

(continued from 19)

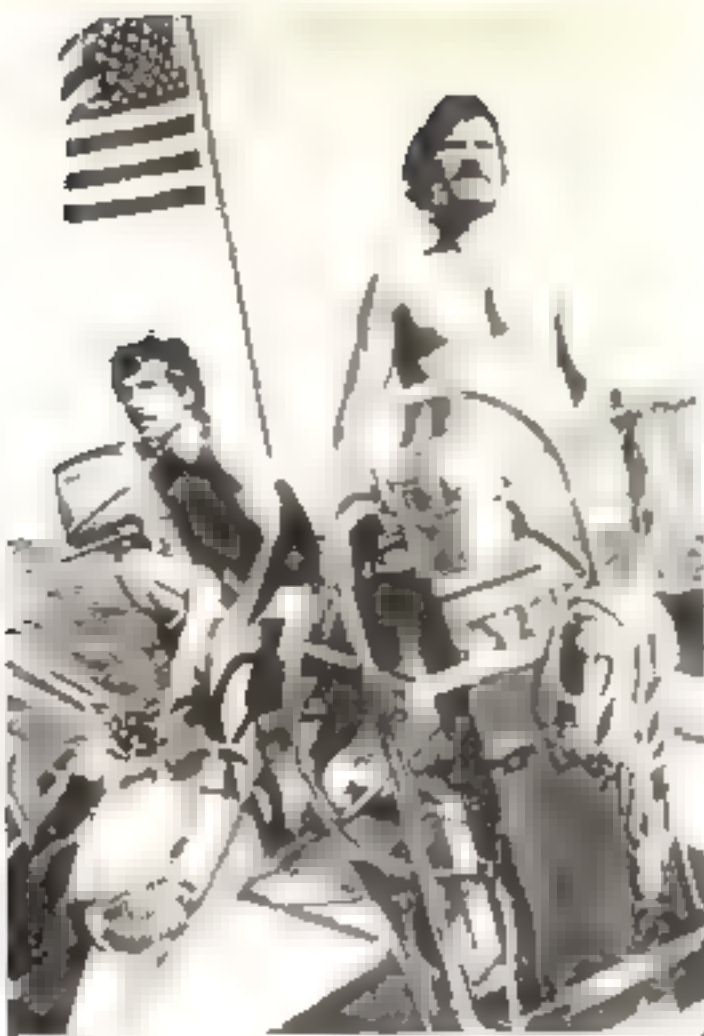
only 25p. and they're especially good if you want to meet a different crowd and listen to different music from those you usually find in discos.

The best of the pubs in North London is the King William IV (75 Hampstead High St.), which is always lively and friendly. There are also the New Black Cap (171 Camden High St.), and the Green Man (383 Euston Road), where there are frequent discos, too. South of the River Thames are two pubs that might well be worth a visit after a performance at the South Bank Arts Center: the Elephant & Castle in South Lambeth Place, and the nearby Royal Vauxhall Tavern (372 Kennington Lane). Both are mixed and both feature drag shows.

The biggest, busiest, and most famous of the many gay meeting places in West London is the Coleherne, in Old Brompton Road, Earl's Court. It can be described only as unique. At first sight it's uninviting. It's a huge bar, and its decor consists of a linoleum floor and walls of an indeterminate brown adorned with blown-up photos of Victorian London. But once it starts to get full of people, its character changes completely. On a "quiet" week night it's almost always crowded and on Fri. and Sat. the staff have to act as traffic wardens in order to maintain a flow of

people around the bar. The customers are more casually dressed than in most English bars, with a strong leather and denim element (London's other leather bar is the Princess of Prussia in the East End, near Tower Hill). It also tends to be more boisterous than most, and it has a very international clientele, so if you can't get to any other gay pub in the city, make sure that you visit the Coleherne! A word of warning, though: local residents have become more than a little upset about the cruising that goes on after the Coleherne has closed and have threatened to get the bar closed down. Meetings between the residents and the Coleherne management and regulars have cooled the situation down a lot, but at the price of greatly increased police surveillance of the area. So don't cruise Wharfedale St. or Coleherne Road, no matter how tempting it may seem!

Just around the corner is the Catacomb disco (278a Old Brompton Road) (the entrance is actually in Finborough Road) where the Coleherne crowd goes after closing time. Although the Catacomb has the disadvantages of being crowded, of closing at midnight, and of not selling alcohol, it's cheap (70p) and one of the cruisiest places in London. Further down Finborough Road at No. 110 is Lulu's restaurant and disco, open every night from 10-2, and over at 142 Kensington High St. is the El Sombrero, another disco that caters to quite a dif-



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ferent crowd, you might like to try it if you're into pretty chickens and/or Asians.

Other West London bars that are sometimes worth a visit are the **Boltons**, a block away from Coleherne, and the **Champions**, in Bayswater Road which is quiet during the week but quite lively at weekends. *Don't*, however, go to the **Queen's Head** in Tryon St., unless you fancy conservative older men! The **Markham Arms** in Kings Road, Chelsea, is gay only for Sat. lunch (11-3), but during those few hours there are all sorts of tasty morsels to be had. Similarly there's a noticeable boom on Sun. from 12-2 at the **Pig and Whistle** in Little Chester Mews, Belgravia, and at the **Horse and Groom**, a few blocks away in Kensington St.

Also in West London is one of the city's very few gay bathhouses—the **Holland Park Sauna** (156 Shepherd's Bush Center). Unfortunately, all sauna baths have to be licensed by local borough councils which withdraw their approval at the slightest hint of impropriety. The result is that there are almost no gay saunas, and the ones that are gay are very discreet, with little activity actually on the premises. Apart from the Holland Park, your best bet is the **Burlington Health Club** (23 Old Bond St.), which is fairly expensive but classy with it.

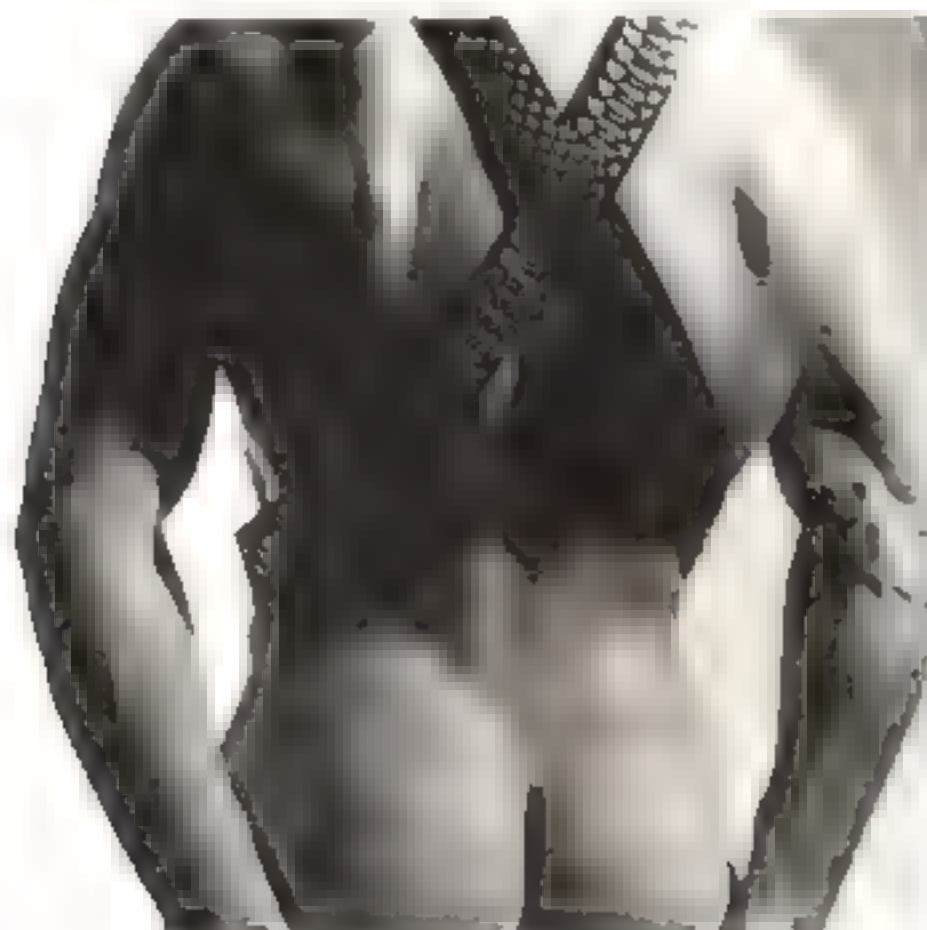
If you're in the mood for a bite to eat then there are many gay or mixed restau-

rants scattered across the city. **Madison's**, at Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, NW1, specializes in American food at prices ranging from £1.25 for a burger to £4.50 for a pocketbook steak. It's open Tues.-Sat. from 7pm to 1am and on Sat. and Sun. from 11am to 3pm. The **Country Cousin** (533 Kings Road SW10) is inexpensive, but the food isn't that good; people tend to go there for its good cabaret stars and generally sociable atmosphere. **A Taste of Honey** (2 Kensington Park Road W11) serves dinner for two for about £8. It's not licensed, so take your own wine. (Tues.-Sun. 12-30 to 3pm and 7 to 11.30pm.) Other places you might like to try for cheap, tasty food are **The Hungry Man** (12 Esterbrooke St. SW1) (9am-6pm), and **Bailey's Spaghetti Factory** (239 Old Brompton Road), opposite the Boltons pub (5pm to 1am).

As for the things you can do in London when you're not sampling its gay menu—I shan't even begin to describe them, as it would take me a whole guidebook to do so. There are, in fact, dozens of good, cheap guidebooks available that will give you the details of the places to go and the way to get to them. The best, oddly enough, is French: the first English edition of the famous *Michelin Guide*, published recently, will tell you as much as you'll ever want to know about the sights and places of interest in and around London.

I should, perhaps, give a reminder that the very best part of London is its cultural life. At any one time there are about 40 plays running in the West End alone, ranging from light sex farces and musicals, to famous names in Shakespeare and the latest productions of the avant garde. You can go to opera and ballet at Covent Garden, or to the equally good if less famous companies at the English National Opera and Sadler's Wells. There are a so dozens of concerts on every night, ranging from symphony orchestras and chamber ensembles at the South Bank Complex or the Albert Hall, to rock music at innumerable venues around the city (London's pub bands, in particular, being good and gutsy at their best).

There are many museums and art galleries that are both world famous and of outstanding quality: the British, Science and Victoria & Albert Museums; the National, Tate, and Hayward Galleries; the Royal Academy, the Courtauld Institute, the Wallace Collection—these are only the most important and there are many more. It won't take you long to realize the truth of the saying that London poses the problem not of finding something to do, but of deciding what not to do. And you'll find that it applies both to your sightseeing by day and your investigations of the gay scene by night. But would you have it any other way? I doubt it. ■■



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Winter's End

Fiction by Chris Arbuckle

Illustration by Larry Nielson

Oklahoma in January, resembles a set from "The Grapes of Wrath." Gnarled, sinister-looking oak trees shiver as icy winds flatten the dry, brown grass. Snowflakes like frozen pellets of chewed paper, make dry sounds in the dead eaves around fence posts. I had wandered into a nature photographer's bad dream. It was my first drive into the countryside, although I had lived in Oklahoma City a month. I was ready to go back to L.A. I had a story about the Dust Bowl days to finish, and, somehow, it wasn't jelling here. A letter from my dad for asking none-too-subtly what in hell was holding me up was stuffed into my jacket pocket.

I stopped at a little grocery store outside Claremore. The wind had become steadily colder, and a few flakes of snow had begun to fall. A tall, thin man with a black mustache and a white butcher's apron stood in front of a fireplace at one end of the small room. He asked me if I needed anything. I told him I just needed a pack of cigarettes, and I walked to the stone fireplace to rub my hands over the blazing pile of lumber as wind rattled the windows.

A pickup truck stopped outside, and a tall, muscular young man walked into the store. He wore jeans and a sheepskin coat, pointed toe boots and a hat with a band of silver discs. His handsome face could have sold thousands of disposable razors. Have you ever seen someone so beautiful your chest ached just to look at him? That's exactly the way I felt as he walked across the room toward me. He squatted in front of the fire. "Nice day to be inside," he said. He pulled a toothpick from his shirt pocket and stuck it between his teeth. The odor of cinnamon oil drifted around the room. He looked at the fire, and grinned. "Just listen to that wind! Whee-yaw!" He looked at me. "You from around here?"

"No," I replied, too self-conscious to loosen up and enjoy the conversation. I was terrified that he could see my thoughts written across my face.

"Name's T.J.," he volunteered, extending his hand. I managed a smile and we shook hands.

"Mine's Carl," I said, releasing his strong grip with more reluctance than I hope he recognized.

"Where're you from, then?"

My shirt itched. "Los Angeles," I replied.

"Well, I've lived here all my life," he told me. "Isn't that right, George?"

"That's right," George answered, distractedly, then went back to his work. The cowboy looked at me. "Visiting someone?" he asked.

His eyes spoke instantly to a wordless level of my brain. They were as deep as the ocean, and as wild; they reassured me, and invited me into storms. Yes, I thought, I'm visiting someone. We were friends. Our sanctuary expanded outward, giving beauty to the frozen fields.

A log popped, and I snapped out of my reverie. I wondered if I had been staring at him too long a time. "No, I'm on my way home," I replied.

T.J. put his hand on my knee, and a burst of adrenalin shot

into my chest. "Need a place to stay?" A gentle chorus sang low, deep notes. It was the wind in the chimney. He seemed to evoke the warm soul of that wind, and I wanted to be close to him, but an invisible wall separated us. Men could be pals, or buddies, but they couldn't say "I love you," and they couldn't cry. I'd learned that only too well. T.J. was friendly in a free-spirited, prairie way, but he would laugh if one of his friends asked to be held. He would feel pity if he realized his friend meant it. I couldn't take that. It was better to stay lonely than to be rejected.

"No, not really," I said. T.J. removed his hand and looked at the fire. "I have to get to Oklahoma City." A gust of wind shook the door.

"It's snowing pretty hard," he said. "You could stay at my place."

I could stay at his place. His place was here, on the prairie, and mine was in Los Angeles. I disliked his unquestioning friendliness. If I felt for it, I could get hurt. "Thanks," I said. "I have work to do. I have to get back." George dozed in a chair. Wake up, George. I need some cigarettes.

The gravel crunched as I drove past the window. T.J. wasn't in front of the fire. Snow had begun to drift across the road. T.J. could have me tied it.

I dreamed of California that night. I stood on the beach, in my suit. The air was crystal clear, and a delicate scent of orange blossoms mixed with the smell of the ocean. The beach was crowded at first, but the people began to disappear. I felt uneasy. Something seemed wrong with the scene. Far out on the ocean, at the horizon, a substance had begun to appear on the water. I turned and ran toward the highway, fearing something, but the road and all the buildings had disappeared. I saw nothing but long, brown grass and oak trees. I turned toward the ocean. The stuff on the horizon was smoke, blowing wildly as it filled the sky. It was a prairie fire! The water like a maelstrom in the desert, evaporated and became grass. A wall of flames and smoke roared toward me, and I saw T.J. He was, somehow, part of the flames, or they were part of him; he galloped toward me, and I was engulfed by the conflagration. I felt him put his arms around me, and the flames weren't flames anymore. He was a

I woke up. The room was stilling. I turned down the thermostat, and sat in the darkness, watching snow fall. The wind had stopped, and the flakes looked soft, and large. A few bright stars twinkled in an open space in the clouds. I felt as if I were far from "the real world." I had friends in California and Oklahoma City, but none of them had really changed my life in any way. T.J., a complete stranger, had made a lifeless wilderness seem like home. He may have been a fantasy, a symbol of my desire for a different way of life. It didn't matter. I had to find him.

Oklahoma City was snowed in. All roads, in and out of the city, were closed. I located the telephone number of the store

(continued on 79)



World Reports

Athens

An anti-homosexual bill was presented before the Greek Parliament early in 1977 for consideration. A number of Greek gays, both at home and abroad, banded together to form a Liberation Movement for Homosexuals (A.K.O.E.) to fight this Bill by all possible means. Newspaper interviews, meetings with M.P.s and the organization of a petition were amongst the methods employed to stop discrimination from getting a legal foothold. 230 signatures were gathered in protest including some of the most famous Greek painters, playwrights, film critics, film makers, newsmen as well as two Greek professors at a University in Paris.

Because of the Greek mentality and attitude towards homosexuality and homosexuals, no explicit law existed condemning homosexuality. The new organization had great difficulty in persuading newspapers, even liberal ones, to mention any criticism of the Bill, and the liberal ones were even the target for jokes and ridicule despite the fact that their methods could not have been more serious and well organized.

A magazine was put together to express the point of view of the gay liberationists but lack of funds prevented its publication. Much too much of their limited budget had been used for other anti-Bill mobilization. They still hope to publish in the not too-distant future.

The organization claims that aggression against homosexual rights is increasing and quote police brutality, arrests, raiding of bars and even the murder of homosexuals by young delinquents.

They hasten to emphasize that these unsavory events should not dissuade foreign gays from visiting Greece because foreigners—especially tourists—enjoy unusual hospitality and unofficial territorial rights! Representatives of the organization are always pleased to meet foreign visitors, especially those who are politically active in gay rights in their own country to combine fruitful discussion with appreciation of the wonderful Greek climate, culture, hospitality.

Among its various activities, the A.K.O.E. is making films about gay life, some of which they hope to enter into film festivals both in Greece and in Amsterdam. Further information about the activities of A.K.O.E. can be obtained from: A.K.O.E. c/o Nickos Mouratides, 4 Aristodimou St. ATHENS, (Kolonnaki) Greece (Tel 730-261).

Meanwhile in Mykonos, that world famous island so beloved of gay nudists, a reporter from the *Athens News* was busy in May 1978 interviewing The Mayor. The Mayor made it quite clear that homosexuals are welcome in Mykonos and were not regarded as any kind of danger. He agreed that the fame of Mykonos has spread throughout the world but denied that it is a paradise for homosexuals in particular. He went on to say, "They come here and harm no one nor do they harm the island and its reputation. They feel free here and we do not gossip about them as we do not like hiding behind our small finger." When asked about the island's reputation as an island of sin, the Mayor replied, "Why is it sinful? I think people who say such things do so to discredit the island. I was born on this island and I have encountered no sinful behavior." Mayor Nazos claims that the people of Mykonos live very simple lives, both locals and foreigners, and a life which offers more freedom.

The tourist industry has made Mykonos' residents prosperous and the windmills of yesteryear are now a tourist attraction rather than working flour mills. The island's population busies itself looking after the many thousands of tourists who flock to the nudist beaches situated along its coast, one of which is the famed gay mecca, Super Paradise where gay tourists, if not locals certainly do not feel the need for gay liberation.

—John Stamford

Melbourne

The American occupation of Europe after the second world war trailed behind it a rash of graffiti which everywhere read: "Yankee Go Home!" It was a cry of futility which recorded the retreat of ancient cultures before a spreading American lifestyle. Hollywood was always a more powerful weapon than the H-bomb, and secured the 20th century for America. (For social change, you can usually read Americanization.)

That is one explanation for the promotion of the rights of minorities: women, the blacks, the aged, the gay. Wherever American influence has spread, the rhetoric of protest is not far behind, and a clearer assertion of alternative minority lifestyles. Well, isn't such pluralism anchored in the U.S. Constitution?

In Australia, the past two decades have seen the transformation of a

closed gay sub-culture into a new openness which could be called the Americanization of Gay Australia.

From clothes to the disco scene, from the media to the entertainment world, from the gay bar syndrome to gay activist groups, cues have been taken from across the Pacific to spark a revolution in Australian gay identity. Even the language reflects it: that gutless adjective *gay* has elbowed aside the earlier *camp* steeped in secret conspiracies. The assignation notices which used to appear on men's room walls now fill pages of a national gay journal—itsself unthinkable a decade ago.



We are everywhere—and so is IN TOUCH For Men here at a Melbourne gay rights rally.

Signs of the changing times were very evident in happenings in Australia in mid-1978. In Melbourne on June 30 last, a crowd of 500 gay people marched through the streets of the city to protest the arrest in Sydney the week before of 53 participants in a solidarity march of even larger numbers. These events, reported grudgingly in the media, marked the end, for many, of the Age of the Closet. They are also a reflection of the gay liberation which has occurred, to a greater or lesser degree, in most parts of the western world, with or without public parades in the streets. The rhetoric is political (Gay Solidarity, Liberation, Oppression, Police Intimidation) even though the cause is provocative, and for most of the population, novel. How can queers or 'aggots (or in Australia *poofers*) have a cause—all they really have are nasty and avoidable habits. After all, anyone can masturbate and fucking is for women.

The media in Australia were caught off-balance by these unexpected events, which explains the low-key reaction and



Photo by Paul Drakford

Australian gays are increasingly indistinguishable, except perhaps for the accent, from their brothers in North America and Europe.

response. The press in Australia is total-ly conservative, cheesecake and gore are the norm, but reform parties rarely get support in election campaigns from a press which keeps the conservative establishment in power. In some ways the other media are surprisingly liberated, for a decade now local TV soap-operas have included portrayals of gay characters meant to be taken seriously. Not the end-up satire of, for instance, Jody in soap: here were ordinary guys actually having loves, jealousies—and double ads. And the viewing public loved it.

But protest marches are another thing. Out of the closets and into the streets is not very different to out of the TV box and into your own family. And that's a bit close for comfort.

—Mark Rowan

Sydney

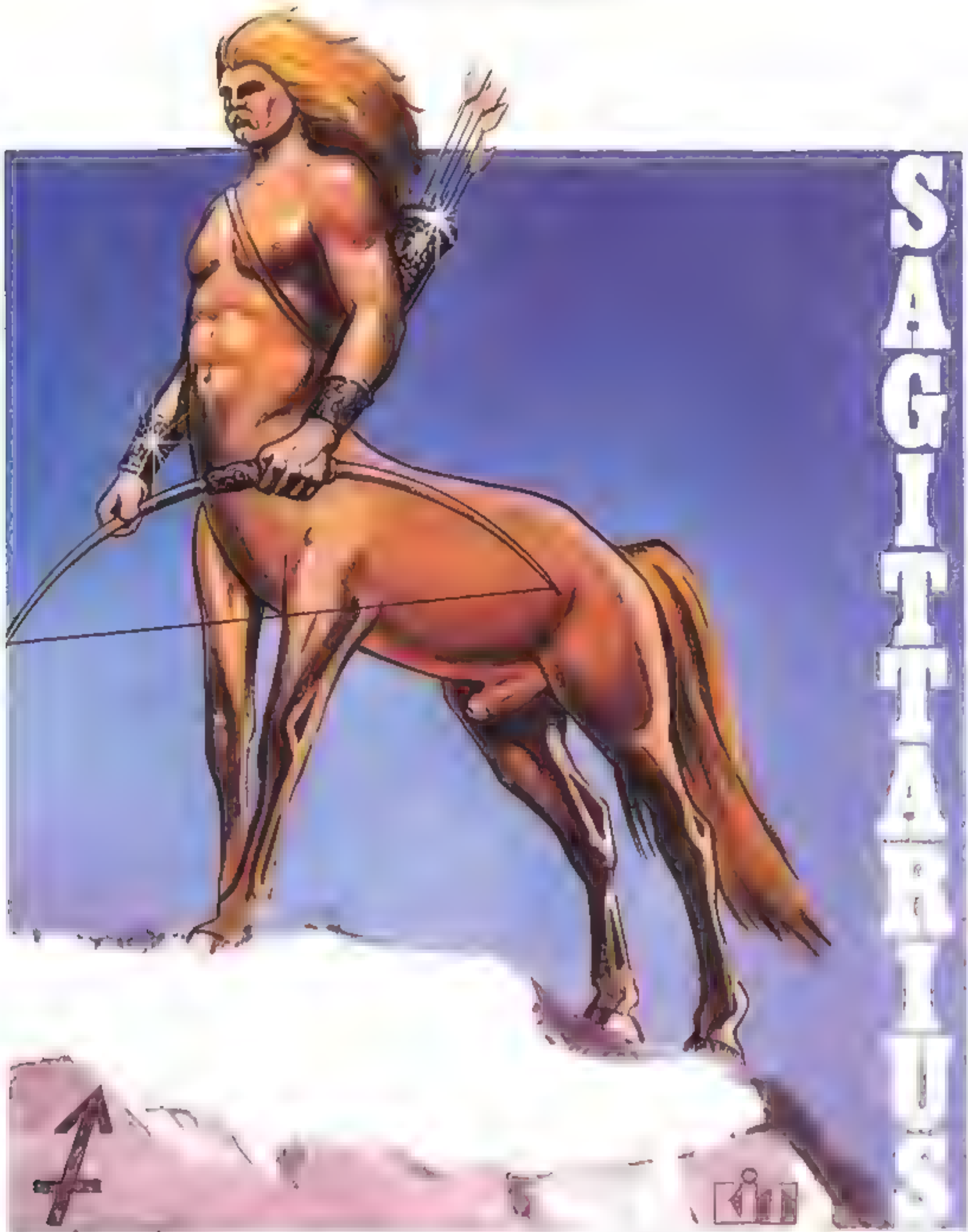
Though it may be unique, the Sydney-based GABBA Club must be a pretty rare club by any standard GABBA? Yes, the Gay Australians Bodybuilders Association.

The club is the brainchild of a 30-year-old guy who has been into bodybuilding for a decade now, but as he works for the government and like everyone else wants promotion, he's unable to go public. Let's just call him Allan.

(continued on 70)

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HOROSCOPE

By Roger Asquith

sagittarius

November 23 — December 21

Partnerships and marriages seem to be in the cards. Do you have anybody in mind? If you do, look before you leap— it's better to miss the boat than sink with the ship in a sea of matrimony (lemmes are fickle, don't you know?). There's nothing wrong with extending a one-night stand to include the weekend. And, if it's still extended, then you can negotiate on a monthly basis until after the loving. It's a good time to collect debts and plan extensive travels, but make like a hustler and collect before you take off!

capricorn

December 22 — January 20

This is a good time to combine talents with someone else. A duel at the piano or a threesome in bed, even gang bangs are still in style if you dig that trip. Combining talents includes money-making projects like sharing the same corner on Hustler's Row or renting out your vibrator when loverboy's in town. Don't neglect an old friend who is in trouble even if it means a trip to the county jail to bail him out. He might do the same for you one day... especially if you hang about on Hustler's Row too long.

aquarius

January 21 — February 19

If you want to surprise someone, this is the time. Whether you drop your pants on the street or in a crowded elevator, he'll be surprised. You can count on that, but what will you get out of it? Ten days and a fifty dollar fine, so wait until you get back to your pad before letting it all hang out... maybe he will surprise you. Don't forget to lose that extra poundage that crept on here and there. Extra sit-ups are required—better yet, find two energetic sex maniacs who like to chase you around the bedroom. You can always tire and give in before they're out of breath.

pisces

February 20 — March 20

If you've been asking a lot of questions lately, now is the time you'll be getting some answers. If he says "nothing doing," then try the next cubicle, barstool or telephone number. The contacts you make now will give a lot of satisfaction, if you know how to handle them, but make sure you don't leave them high and dry. You may have to bend a little, and occasionally go down on your knees to get what you want, but that's why you bought the knee pads, remember? If there's a lot of action, you can polish the floor at the same time... and don't forget the feather duster.

aries

March 21 — April 20

Financially this is a good time for you. You may get a dividend, win a lottery, or get a raise. Re-invest the dividend, bank the lottery, but only you know what to do with the raise, especially if you get them often. Socially there isn't much on the horizon that looks interesting, but you can always beat about the bush and see what's going on. Later there are signs of creative activity. Are you contemplating any new projects, like decorating the den or revamping your love life? Feel free to indulge your whim... and if you can't feel free, don't go out with him any more.

taurus

April 21 — May 21

Your luck seems to be changing for the better. A gift or well-deserved goodie might be coming your way. Careful, don't grab it with cold hands and frighten him away. Check him out carefully and see if it measures up to your expectations. If you've been getting more than your share lately, it's because you've had a lot of practice and do a good job. But don't let this go to your head—perfection you ain't, so keep practicing. Your neighbors may not like you too much. It's either jealousy or your noisy nocturnal habits. Squeaky beds are only fun if you're in them... nevertheless, enjoy.

gemini

May 22 — June 21

You have a pleasing personality and can sell anything, including yourself. This doesn't mean a corner on Hustler's Row, but a trip to your employer for a more rewarding position. This time you climb on top and show him how it's done. Don't be too cocksure, however—nobody likes a braggart unless he can hang ten... and you have to learn how to surf before you can do that, right? Tight pants and tighter purse strings seem to be called for. The former shows what you've got and the latter means you'll be able to keep it.

cancer

June 22 — July 23

Some minor annoyances may pop up about now, like a broken zipper that stays UP and something else that stays DOWN, but don't let things bug you... change pants and partners unless he's panting. Who needs a pooper after he's pooped? You may get the chance to open up new fields of adventure, but don't neglect the old standby in the park, he's better than nothing. Stay away from goodies, especially if they're sweet and under eighteen. They never know what they want anyway, and when they find out, they're too old.

leo

July 24 — August 23

Employers may be a bit leasy during the next few weeks. Keep a low profile, arrive early and leave late and forget the crap game in the men's room, it might cause a sink. You have a lot to offer and sometimes it shows, so quit wearing the tight pants until it's time to quit, then let it all hang out. Try changing bars and barflies, the drinks might be stronger and the barflies cheaper and more inquisitive. So show 'em where it's at and loosen up for that old feeling. You've been too uptight lately, relax and shake it easy.

virgo

August 24 — September 23

It seems the time is ripe for a blistering love affair unless you take off those chaps and spurs and settle for some panty hose. If you're in the end bed of the bunkhouse, good luck. If you're not, get your name on the waiting list. Concentrate on making money, even if you have to charge a small fee for overnight larking. An old flame may start smoldering and try to get hot. Don't ban it, fan it, especially if your winter quarters seem drafty. We all need a warm spot to sleep in when the nights are long and sexy... and who said once a night is enough? Not the knight, that's for sure.

libra

September 24 — October 23

It's time to move up in the world and forget that old foot fetish—there are bigger and better things higher up. If you haven't already noticed, job-wise you should goose the boss instead of the mailboy. If it doesn't work, wash your hands and collect unemployment. Take a chance of getting ahead, visit the right bars and show them where you're coming from. You need to exploit yourself. Show the flag and flag pole. Lots of people will enjoy what you've got. If you would let them get a bit. Give until it hurts, but watch out for the ornament in the fly.

scorpio

October 24 — November 23

Avoid arguments at all costs and don't take things lying down unless you prefer it that way. Competition is great right now and your employer may be poking over your past record with a view to a change. So change his view and leave the door open for negotiation before you flush the opportunity down the drain. You might wind up with the key to the executive wash room and you know what that means, don't you... janitorially speaking. Still, it's better than unemployment and the bum's rush. Cheer up, it will soon be your birthday.

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WORLD REPORTS

(continued from 67)

GABBA was inaugurated at a well-attended meeting last March when an executive was elected along with social and membership committees and a constitution formulated.

It all began when Allan last year was reading the Gay Societies column of the Australian national gay newspaper *Campaign* and noticed that many community interest groups and country groups were coming into existence as a result of one person putting in an announcement that they were interested in forming such groups.

So why shouldn't gay bodybuilders have their own club too?" mused Allan.

January saw his first request in *Campaign* for gay bodybuilders wanting to form a club to contact him at a post office box. At the same time he moved from a suburban gymnasium to one in the inner-city area, which was more of a bodybuilders' gym. Though basically non-gay, the inner city gym attracted a large number of discreet gay bodybuilders. In fact, the gymnasium now advertises in *Campaign*.

It was still disappointingly a place where you had to be very careful," Allan told me. "I let then as I do now that a gay gymnasium is necessary in every city.

Allan's next step was to invite those who responded to his *Campaign* announcement and gay bodybuilders he knew personally to attend an informal evening at his home. The consensus of opinion from those who attended was to hold another social function and inform *Campaign* readers of the fact.

More attended the second social function than the first as the idea of forming a club got around.

The next activity of the club-in-form at on was to book a table at the *Mr. Australasia* 1978 quest held on Sunday March 12—an event which saw several potential GABBA members taking part.

Then on a wet and windy Sunday evening (the worst weather Sydney had seen for untold years). In the middle of March 18 people wanting the gay bodybuilders club in Sydney to come into existence met and turned an idea into reality.

They elected a six man executive, and two three-member committees one to handle the vetting of membership and the other to arrange social activities.

The club will provide social intercourse for members," said Allan, "as well as encouraging and assisting them with their bodybuilding as only serious bodybuilders will be accepted into the club. Already I have had letters from gay bodybuilders in other parts of Australia so we should see GABBA clubs being formed in such places as Melbourne and Adelaide and then a national federation of GABBA Clubs.

(continued on 80)

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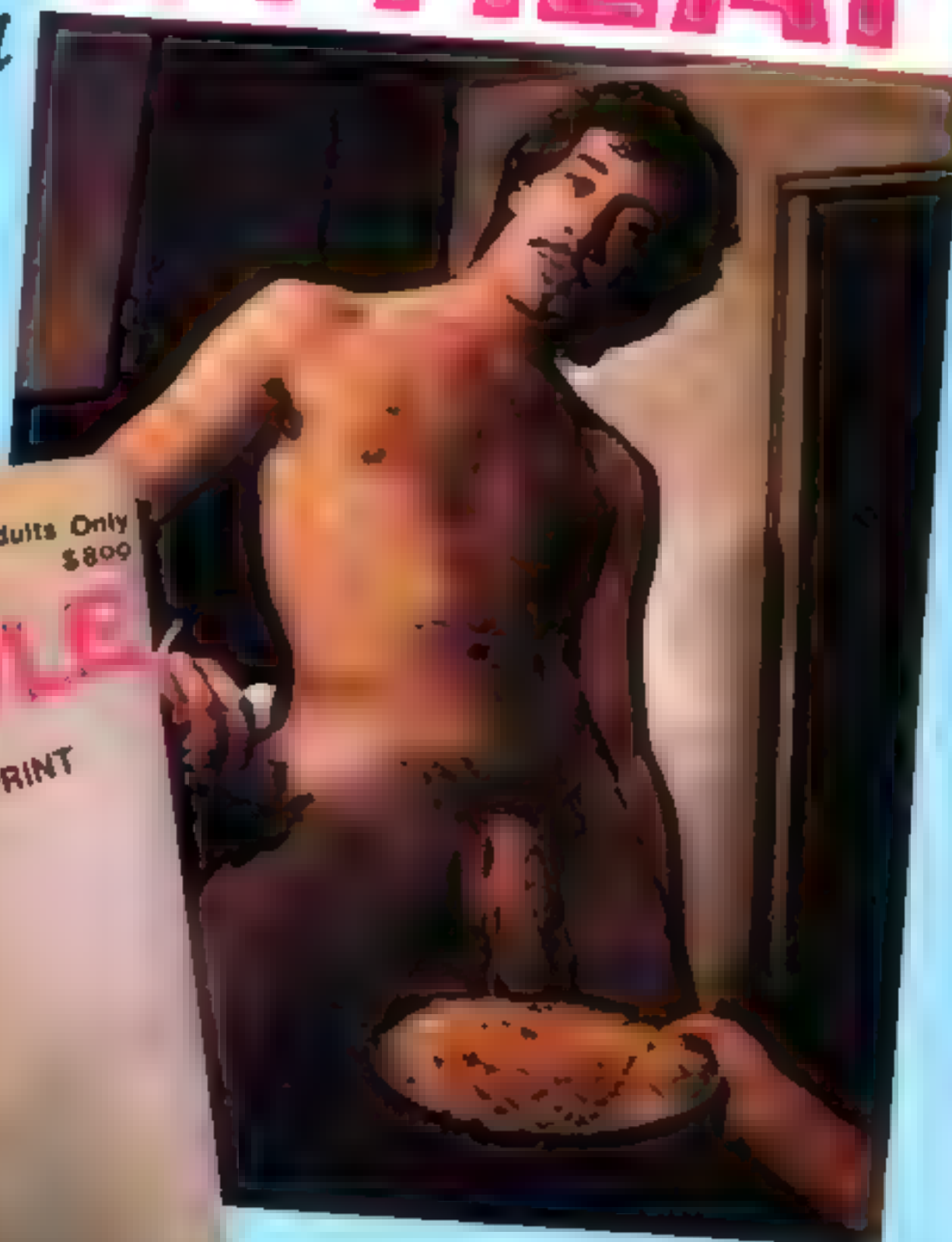


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ARRIVAL: 7:40 PM. Reno, Nevada, airport. August 4, 1978—Friday. United Airlines flight #1086 is touching down.

My first view of Reno is of rolling, empty "bad-land" hills all the way to the mountains. The heat is 88° and the humidity is about the same. The only break in the barren landscape is to the east. The terra-cotta side walls of the new M-G-M Grand rise silo-like above the dry, brown rolling hills.

Directly in front of the main entrance a large red open-bed truck waits. The bed is lined on the sides with fresh bales of hay. Phil Ragsdale, director of the 3rd Annual Gay Reno Rodeo, steps forward to greet us. He's looking at us as hard as we're looking at him. Loose-limbed, in easy "nothing-special" western shirt and Levi's, with a quick, natural smile.

The setting sun is now blinding to look into. A breeze comes up. Bags tossed into the truck. Mount the hay bales—they feel like puffy foam. "Hold on to your hats!" The truck shoots off for the River Inn, our accommodations for this weekend in Reno, Nevada.

A quick look at the other guys doesn't reveal that two are real cowboys—one from Beverly Hills, the other from Hollywood. They would both be going home

to the CASINO sign blazes out over the parking lot. A building to the east of it says SPA in white wooden letters. Far to the west, ahead, are trailers and recreation vehicles surrounding an electric-blue swimming pool.

We're assigned our rooms and stared at by staff and guests alike. The "group that flew in from Hollywood." The accommodations are big. Two double beds and the far wall is one huge sliding glass door that puts the Truckee just about 30-feet away across a tennis court.

THE SQUARE DANCE: Country-Rock has taken the place of "dig-for-the-oyster, dive-for-the-clam" style of square-dancing. This thought hits you between the ears as you line up at the entrance to buy all of your tickets for the weekend events. Robin, a very attractive drag in a powder-blue tailored western suit, politely helps you in a calm manner. Tonight there is to be the contest for Mr. and Ms. National Gay Rodeo 1978. Every rodeo needs their King and Queen, right? No lesbians have signed up for the Ms., so the three entrants are men. A television camera crew is busy "catching all the action" and nobody seems to mind. Later at the Rodeo grounds, the riders will be wearing their numbers printed on white

ty—always polite, like all the folks of Reno, always asking, "Are you having a good time?" welcomes us, one and all. Then announces the Mr. and Ms. "contest" winner, based on the amount of money that the entrant's "court" raised for Muscular Dystrophy that year.

A REAL COWBOY: I had just taken a picture of a couple, one with his keys on the left, the other with a rhinestone-studded blue handkerchief neatly flopping from the right pocket of white, tight jeans. Suddenly, across a room of open western shirts and tight blue jeans, I spot a leather vest with panels of writing

Text and
by Bill



with prize belt-buckles. Two guys across from me are busy discovering each other by using verbal as well as braille anatomy. They will stay together all this weekend.

We must be doing about 60-per, now. Under a railroad bridge on a banked curve like a roller-coaster. It's getting cold. Some dig jackets out of luggage. Others look like they didn't bring one.

We've been following the Truckee River on our left and there is the River

or red tags. Red means "No photographs." The bar is lost inside of a crowd of guys.

A sudden apparition of Dolly Parton's "ugly" sister moves into view. At about 7-feet up begins a 10-gallon hat from which are cascading three, maybe four "falls." Soft wooly white chaps only add to the illusion. This is Rusty, M.C. for this evening and Empress II of Reno—a very funny, clever man who will also serve as the lead rodeo "clown." Rus-

all down the back. "Cowboys can handle anything horny" catches my eye and I go around front.

Meet Sony King. That's the name he rides under, and he pronounces it "Sonny." The vest is nine years old. Could I take a picture of it? "Sure!" He says he is a circuit rider. Well... he used to be a circuit rider. Mr. Vancouver. Mr. Austin, Texas, New Orleans, and even Dallas. That means that he was big man of the year. Sony was born in Nashville,

Tennessee, some 31 years ago. He is a gem in, for those who care. He started rodeo riding at 19 in Tennessee and hit some small-town circuits. Then Cheyenne—which Sony feels the same about as he does Montana—nothing. Sony was married for five years and now has a five-year-old son, somewhere. The little woman left him in Colorado for another dude. Sony fled for desertion. Joined the army and discovered northern California. The circuit in Vancouver picked him up, or vice-versa, and treated him well. That means under the conditions, that when he was bad off, there was always someone else worse off. He

for your ride at random and it can kill you by accident. So much is left to choice of the drawing of stock, and to chance, that the fact that anyone lives to win Mr. Rodeo is purely due to the luck and the death-defying skills of the rider.

Sony agrees, as I eventually learn what that slow and easy smile means. In fact, that smile looks and takes about as long as you need to fall in love. He is telling me now that the "circuit" isn't like it used to be. I nod.

We're settled down now between two piles of beer cans—one full, the other empty. He has doubts about the "rodeo" tomorrow. Not because an ex-circuit rider is going into a "gay" rodeo. It's an honest question of how professional it will end up being. This will be his first Reno rodeo and these are the "first" gay rodeos ever held in the country—at least publicized.

When did Sony become gay? The incident with his weaning calf when he was 17 probably doesn't count. For now he skirts the issue and I don't push. "Tell me about tomorrow," I suggest.

Sony's concern is about the technicalities of entry into the upcoming events, such as the type of events and the stock available for them. "Gay rodeo? It's bull-shit to care about what people

scheduled "wild cow milking" contest left Sony with a blank stare.

Also, not having a mount for the "calf roping—mounted" event, complicated by the fact that there would probably be no horses to loan to riders without one, limited the number of events that a cowboy "traveling light" could enter.

It was getting late, even for a city kid, but it should be noted before this section ends, that until dawn on Saturday, there were more events around the outside tennis-courts which could be called "wild cowboy milking," "room racing," not to mention a large number of "greased pork" events, that could ever have been held in the rodeo arena.

SATURDAY—OPENING DAY: July is a busy month for Reno. The Annual Truckee River Raft Run is held. The one week long RCA (Rodeo Cowboy Association) sanctioned national Reno Rodeo is held at the Washoe County Fair Grounds which is also home to the Nevada State County Fair in September. We are now heading out there for the opening ceremonies of the 3rd Annual Gay Reno Rodeo. This will be the first year that it is to be held at the major fair grounds and it is scheduled to begin at 1pm.

We arrive to a series of delays. The



earned the phrase "Everybody loves a winner." So he started to win.

I ask to let me cover him for the next two days of the rodeo. Good, even white teeth flash as he says "sure."

BACK IN MY ROOM: With a fresh supply of Bud, the preferred brew for rodeo riders, we saunter down toward the room. Sony asks me if I know what a rodeo is. Good question. I say that the main things are that the stock is chosen

are wearing or what they do at night. It's the rodeo part I'm trying to get ready for."

Last week he'd telephoned from the bath-house he worked at in Phoenix and was told that registration had to be for five events per day. Tonight he was told that five events total for both days was o.k. He hoped that this was so, since events like "greased pig catching" and "barrel-racing" (which is a girls' event) were beneath a circuit rider's dignity. A

post-hole digger has not arrived. To find another one is a problem on Saturday. The wrong lights were delivered, etc.

A semi puke up to us and the woman driver asks, "Is it today that you need my pig, or tomorrow?" But there are typical problems with the gay community's efforts to do any major event. The "straight" clout and credibility are still missing. Last year, though, there were only 450 in attendance. It's triple that this year. Next year there will be auto-

matic chutes and maybe the new outdoor arena which is being built. And so it goes. And so it must.

Besides, I had never seen a chute being built. Posts set in. Rough planks along the sides. Beams run through to hold the calf, steer or bronc just behind their haunches. The arena is the livestock one and is half the size of a football field. A wooden roof keeps in the muggy moist air. Bleachers along both sides hold the 1000 or so that have already arrived. The judges', timer's and announcer's table is at the back just across the chute. Two large metal doors are at the back.

Sony and I visit the stock barns, behind. I take a needed leak inside one of the empty stalls. To Sony's dismay he looks at the stock, steers and their calves. Although I find it rather picturesque, Sony informs me that herding steers with their calves would keep them both together no matter what the event. This later proved to be true when during the "steer riding" event, Sony was about to seat and the steer's calf joined them in the chute. "I can only ride one of these at a time!" Sony observed.

When we got up to the milking stock, he said that they were so young that his 1-15 had more milk than the stock did.

I began to notice that the beer-drinking part held true with everyone involved with the events. The camaraderie among the nervous riders behind the arena is a true relationship. "You did damn good, Patches!" But Patches just walks out of the arena's dust into the sunlight and kicks the dirt. Slowly they look at their sides, or shin, or whatever part got kicked or stepped on. The ambulance is sitting in the hot sun. Shiny and as big as a shark. The attendants watch carefully the rider's reactions. One guy has badly scraped ribs. The doctor seriously checks the wound, watching the cowboy as he questions him, and then decidedly says, "Put lots of cream on it tonight." Winking and hitting the cowboy on the ass, he saunters back into the air-conditioned ambulance.

It has become apparent to me that Sony, as an ex-circuit rider, who "came out" at the height of his circuit days, had probably acquired his last four years of scars from falling out of beds, instead of off horses.

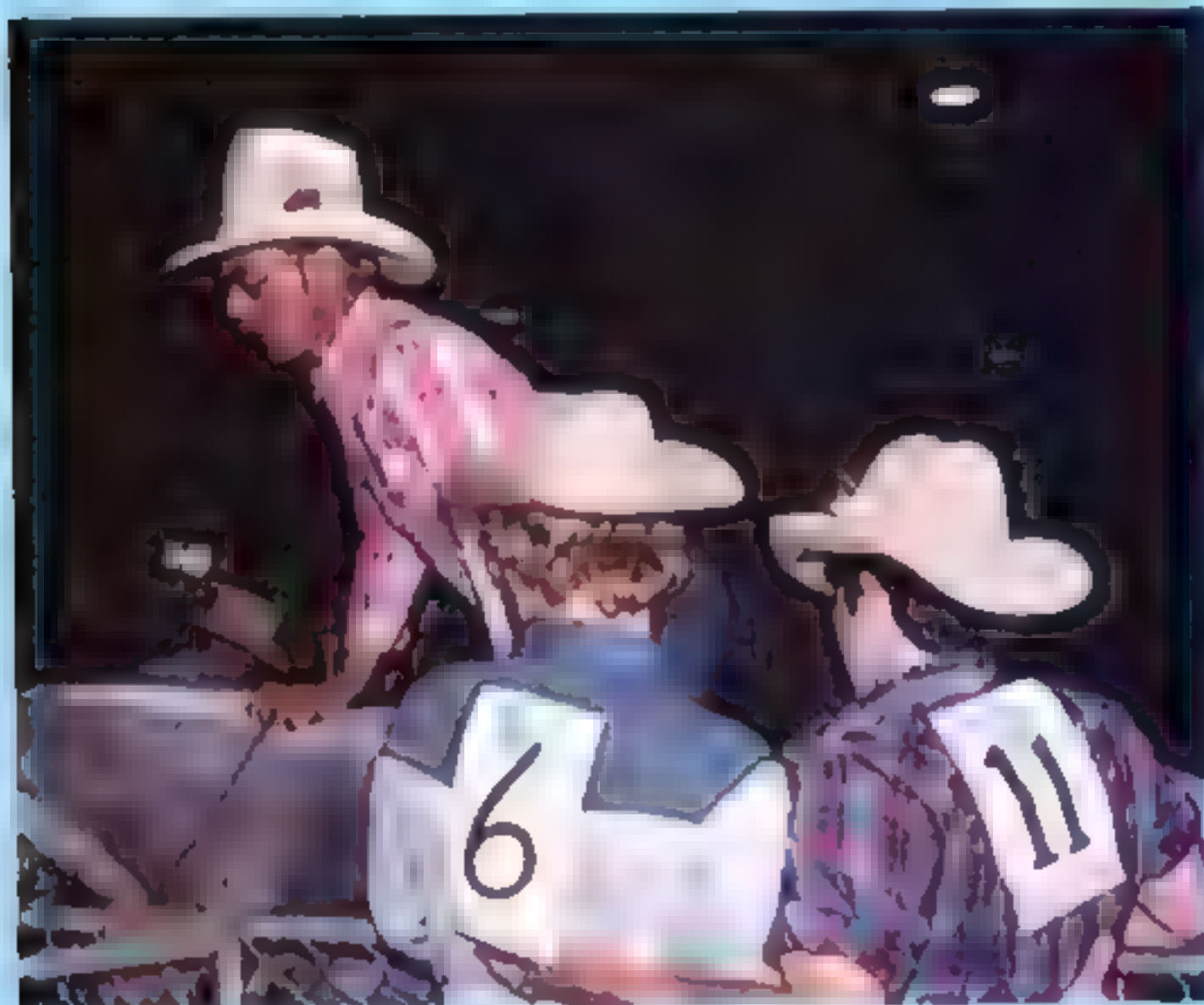
But Sony knows that the conflict at the moment is his personal desire to recreate an old reality—that of his former circuit-riding days. Sony wanted to see how much distance had really been put down from those "good ole' days," and

point proved later that afternoon, when it actually happened.

EVENTS: "Calf-roping on foot" was first and proved to be an awkward task in the very soft dirt of the arena, until the seventh contestant, a funny dressed guy in a baggy red T-shirt and shorts, with large over-sized sunglasses walked out to the edge of the chute in his zorros and gave the high sign with rope hand. The calf came out, "Red" ran after it and put the rope around its neck in one fast toss. That ended that. Sony was not successful in this event.

For the second event, "calf-roping mounted," Sony did not have a mount available to him and therefore could not enter. It is standard procedure on the circuit to pick your best events and, if you don't have a mount with you, to arrange to borrow one, splitting any prize money won in the event. You never borrow another's rope.

The third event, "wild cow riding," was just that. A cinch (a wide band made up of several turnings of rope) is applied around the animal's middle, and with the left hand holding fast, and the right one swinging freely in the air at all times, you just stay that way for eight seconds. Five contestants. Sony wasn't able to stay on



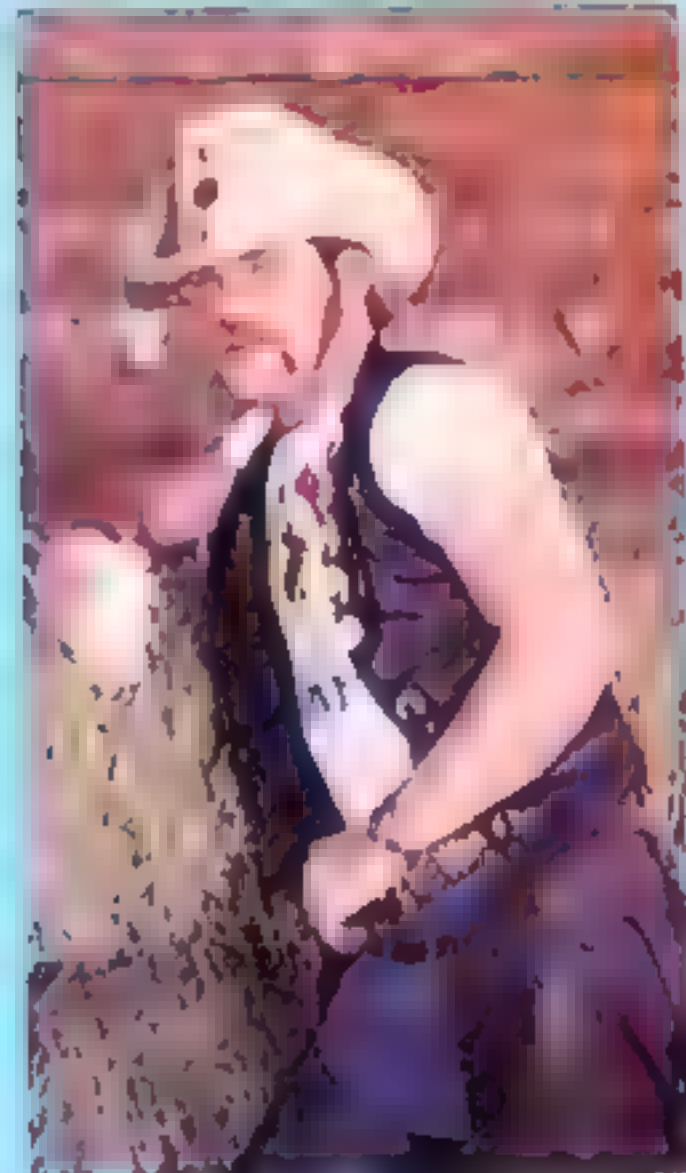
My cowboy was getting antsy. He was on his third Bud since I had joined him here and, as legend has it, he hadn't eaten breakfast, nor any dinner last night and would not eat until tomorrow after the last event. Just beer.

"Is that in case of surgery?" I ask, hoping that the question would not be an omen.

"No, you just throw up a lot, and it's better when there isn't any food involved."

before the afternoon was over, he would know.

By now, behind the arena with horse-shit on my shoes, even I realized that although this rodeo was a replica of the real thing that week-long, talented pro-vs.-amateur up-and-coming rider, once the stock was under you in that chute, and the hand was white-knuckled around the cinch, the steer did not know the difference between gay and straight and that one could get kicked in the face—a



for eight seconds.

The fourth event was bare-back bronc riding, which made Sony's eyes shine. This was the one big shot at true circuit competition-style challenge, as there would be no brahma bulls.

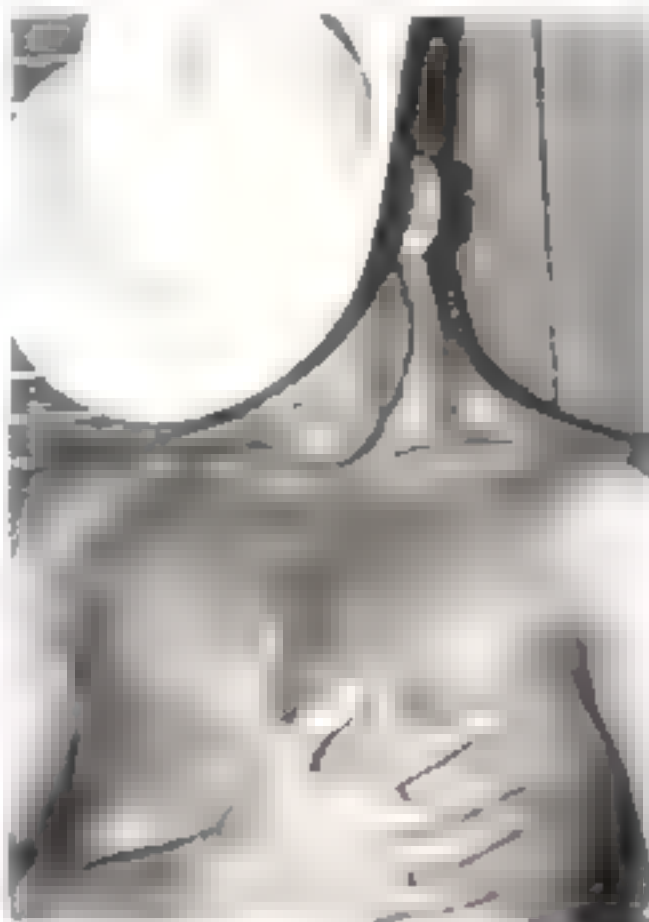
Again, a cinch is applied to a wild bronc—which, in the first instance, proved to be a 15-minute show of its own. This critter, Cantankerous by name, leapt up the side of the chute and out into the arena. Not once, but twice. Al-

though Sony stayed on hard and fast it was not for long enough. He hit the dirt and therefore did not qualify in this event. By now my cowboy had thrown up twice and was looking and sounding more human.

In the stock area while the broncs were being herded around in an attempt to get another one into the chute one of the handlers got a serious kick in the head. Because of it, the remaining events were called off for the day. This wasn't exactly like the big time but that was the point. Friends and lovers had been struggling with difficult stock make shift set up conditions, understaffed and over-worked. Everyone was tired and the day was getting on.

SUNDAY—THE LAST DAY Today the rodeo is old hat. There are about 500 fewer in attendance, but with the advance sales, it is still profitable. Once again the opening ceremonies begin with the same dialogue and the same horses, but with different shirts on the riders. Four flags of visiting states reappear and race around the arena. Then the American flag. Holdovers and beer cans keep time to the singing of the National Anthem. Same stock enters the pen and the same two dozen riders appear at the back. Today, however, the events include those postponed from yesterday because of the accident.

Bare bronc riding" is the first event. The "Greased pig catching" follows. Sony had had to enter this event. He looked a little defiant without his vest or his favorite T shirt on. The 30-pound piker is out in the center of the arena getting a shampoo of Wesson Oil. (Lard



would no doubt have been in bad taste.) The nine contestants—drag, lesbian and guys—stand in a line by the chule and the remaining Wesson Oil is slopped into their outstretched hands. Sony

makes a fist and shoves his arm back and forth at the crowd. A few guys wave back. They run and they skid and they jump. Sony is one of the three with the pig at the end, but, as he says, "Not as web as Patches did." This girl was doing her best to win the 1-buck prize.

Sony is smiling now. He's up. He's having the fun that was hoped for and meant by this "rodeo." I ask him how the game was going. "The game? ... The game is going just great!" Smiles.

DEPARTURE And so the day goes. Less watching of the events. More gathering around the men's room door and the beer stands. Shirts off. Levi's bulging. Boots dusty. Last night the tennis courts were empty. Friendships had been made and promiscuity was no longer king. Phil Ragsdale had hit a third, and most successful rodeo under his belt. Eight prize belt buckles had been stolen. A contract has since been signed for next year—August 4th and 5th, 1979. The River Inn had had two wedding receptions in the barn-dance room. Sony had won a second place buckle for today's bare back bronc riding. I would be landing in Los Angeles in 45 minutes. Lake Tahoe, below the plane, was shimmering under another thunder-head. Sun was again setting. What a weekend. A "gay" rodeo in Reno, Nevada. My, my, how times do change.

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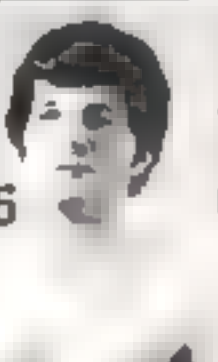
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ON THE BEACH

(continued from 21)

one wanted to tell him. He was sure he remembered his mouth moving! How was it possible? Windell Owens, famous Broadway director, a man before whom stagehands trembled, could not seem to get a beach boy out of his life!

He made coffee. Swimming was spoiled for him at the moment. He settled on the deck at the wrought-iron table and was joined by a naked and dripping Ted.

Wow. That was great. You should have tried it.

I wanted to, Windell said softly.

"Hey, this is terrific." Ted exclaimed as he helped himself to coffee and danish. "Prune. My favorite! How'd you know?"

"Lucky guess," Windell sighed. *I wonder if tears would help?*

Ted told his tale of woe. It took two hours.

"Well, Ted, I'm sure everything will work out for James and you if you have a little patience. It seems to me that you two love each other very much, but you lack patience. Wait a bit, then go over there to see him."

Gea. Windell, I knew you'd understand. And with that the naked youth picked up his sleeping bag and a battered suitcase and strode straight into the guest bedroom.

Windell sat on the deck, stunned. *What did I say? What did I say?* he wondered over and over. He just could not recall having invited Ted to move in! Enough. Rising painfully, he limped next door to the little salt box.

James was cooking a late breakfast for himself and one of the beach boys.

Did he move in? James asked.

Yes, Windell said, and I'm here for advice on how to get him to move out.

"He can stay as far as I'm concerned," James replied coolly, turning eggs. "That son-of-a-bitch."

Windell was prepared to fall on his knees (despite the pain he knew that would cause) and beg when Ted walked in and announced that he had moved in with Windell and it was wonderful and that Windell was the best lay he'd ever had.

Windell exploded. "I am *not* the best lay you've ever had!" From the way everyone stared at him he realized that he hadn't said that exactly right. "James is the best lay you ever had!" And vice versa. If you two aren't two damned stupid and stubborn to realize it!" He stormed back to his bungalow.

He groaned when he found Carlo parked on the deck drinking coffee and eating danish. He went straight into the bathroom and had a long, hot soak.

When he came out he was delighted to find Ted and his things gone. He breathed a sigh of relief, sure that now he could begin to unwind, take a swim, maybe even read a play.

His mood was shattered fifteen minutes later when Ted came back, followed by James and Carlo and the beach boys. He felt like a small country being invaded by a bigger one and there was nothing he could do about it. For one wild moment he considered spiking all the liquor but changed his mind when he imagined all of them passing out on the rug.

Ted and James had reconciled and were giving all the credit to Windell. They had decided to celebrate and had gotten loan of a big catamaran on which they were all going to spend the entire day. Windell was so numb he just went along.

What surprised Windell was that he enjoyed himself and when they returned, beaching the cat right in front of his bungalow, he was relaxed.

For the rest of the summer he was involved with his neighbors and the beach boys, lover's quarrels, new romances, and a never-ending party. He learned not to lock his doors, ignore sounds in the night that didn't interest him, and to relax.

He had a summer romance of his own, too.

Ted had been right. Carlo never spoke except about something important. A week after Windell's arrival Carlo spoke his first sentence to him.

The sentence was, "Wanna fuck?"

WINTER'S END

(continued from 65)

in Claremore, but no one answered my call. The snow continued to fall. I made a pot of coffee and gathered together my Dust Bowl notes. The collection of facts and interviews I had assembled began, for the first time, to make sense. The story was alive. I wrote for the next two days.

The weather warmed, at last, and a bulldozer cleared the main roads. I drove to Claremore. "T.J. left yesterday afternoon," George said. "He stopped in to make a phone call, and he had a pack on his back. I asked him where he was going, but he just said he was meeting somebody and had to go." George stroked his chin. "He'd lost his truck, or something."

I drove back to Oklahoma City. The bright sunlight made the plains seem vast, and desolate. I parked my car under the building where I lived, and took the elevator to my floor.

T.J. sat in the hallway next to my door. He grinned. "You didn't come to see me, so I came to you," he said. I was speechless. He stood, and looked into my eyes. "Something happened to me back there, and I haven't been the same since." He slowly lifted his hand and touched my face. "You're the most beautiful man on earth."

T.J. smelled like the new snow and wood smoke. He was far far away from L.A.

"How'd you find me?" I heard myself say.

"Easy," he said, and pulled a crumpled envelope from his pocket. It was the letter from my editor, and it must have fallen out of my jacket at the store. I carried his pack inside. "I followed you out of the store, to catch you, but you took off too fast." I hadn't seen him, because I had looked into the building instead of in my rear-view mirror.

"Hungry?" He nodded, and I heated up some stew. I was floating.

"I tried to follow you," he said, "but my truck fell apart. I had taken him nearly a day to hitch from Claremore to Oklahoma City. 'Do you think I could lay down awhile?'"

He fell asleep almost instantly, on my bed. I sat in an easy chair and watched him, I felt uneasy. He opened his eyes. "Hi," he said sleepily.

"Hello." I thought about Claremore. "Why are you here?"

He looked puzzled. "I guess we were both so busy looking at each other, we forgot to talk. You see, I need a friend, and I think you do, too." He unbuttoned his shirt. "I want you to love me." He pulled off his clothes and climbed under the blankets.

I undressed, slowly, and crawled into bed. "How did you know?"

He smiled. "George never looks at me like that."

"Like what?"

He gripped my shoulder. "Let's get something straight here." His voice was stern, but his face was peaceful. "You did all you could to let me know. You just tried to keep yourself in the dark about it."

"I don't know what you mean."

"You didn't take your eyes off me. You smiled when I did and even when I didn't. You know you blushed like a redbird when I touched you." He laughed. "Hell, you walked out of the place like a zombie, like you were afraid to knock something over."

T.J. pressed his chest against mine, and grinned. "I saw you look back, and that's when I knew I had to follow you. Somebody has to love you, even if you don't, and until you do, you'll go through life trying to be someone else." He was breathing hard. "You'll hate him, because he'll try to put walls around you."

I felt utterly exposed. A prairie wind seemed to blow across snowy fields, opening gates and scattering piles of dead leaves which had accumulated behind them.

Come out. You have all the power and love that you'll ever need, stored up inside yourself. Let it out now." He smiled. "Love me."

Winter was over.

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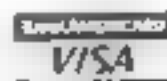
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WORLD REPORTS

(continued from 70)

The club's executive is looking for a permanent meeting place and hopefully before long its own gymnasium. Social activities planned for the future include film evenings and bush walks.

The annual national homosexual conference in Australia tends to be dominated by political activists and so the presence this year (the conference was held in Sydney in Aug.) of GABBA members should add a new dimension to the whole proceedings.

We would very much like to hear from overseas gay bodybuilders. A fan said to me "and particularly from any gay bodybuilding or sporting clubs. Who knows—perhaps one day in the very near future we can have an international conference of gay sports clubs."

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—Martin Smith

NIGHTLIFE

(continued from 16)

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Gay San Francisco is not just Polk and Castro. Stay in touch—we'll get around to all the rest. Take care.

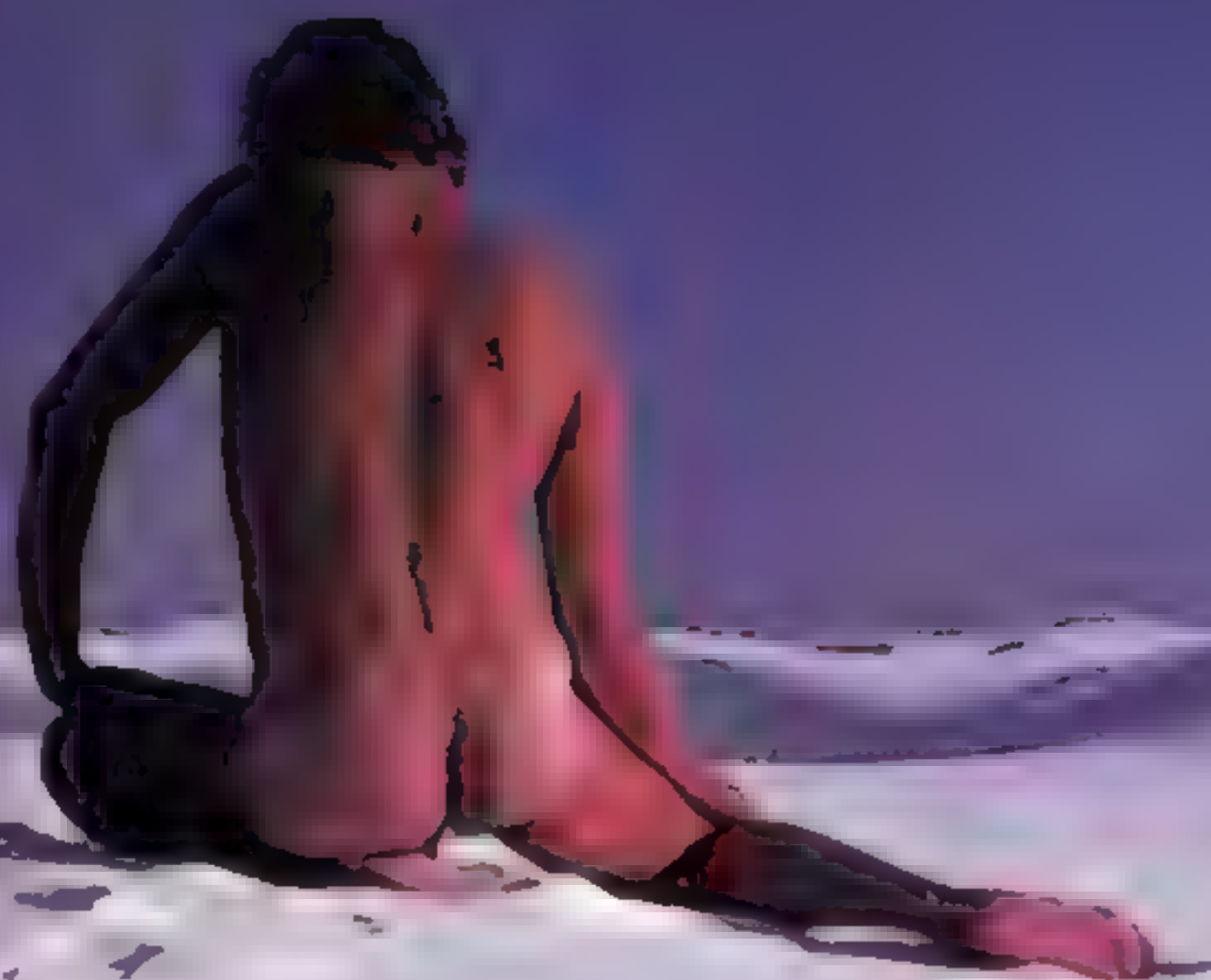
—Dan Turner

BOSTON

Lesbian and Gay Pride week was extremely successful in Boston this year. Although the parade was not as large as last year's, it matched it in enthusiasm. After marching through the streets of the city, the group converged on the Boston Common, and the crowd numbers (no pun intended) grew. Among the speakers and performers was Maxine Feldman, whose powerful singing voice is well known in this area. Ms. Feldman was one of the first persons to be heard and put the crowd in the right mood with her charm, personable style, to say nothing of her enormous talent.

Rumors that Herbie's Ram Rod Room/12 Carver was to close in August proved not true. The popular leather/denim watering hole will remain open for another year before the doors finally close. The reason is that the area in which the bar is located has been taken over by the city for construction of the Park Plaza renovation project.

(continued on 86)



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SCENE





Whenever photographer Charlie Airwaves does something, you can be sure the emphasis will be on the slightly outrageous. So when his one-man show opened at San Francisco's gay Fey-Way Gallery, it was something of an event. "I love the outrageous," Charlie says happily. "I try for it in my work. I call it 'super real' because it's one step between contemporary and fantasy. It isn't the same thing as sex, necessarily, but it's very erotic. That's what my work is, and that's what I try to make life." (That's Charlie, incidentally, in the wig and long white robes. Get the picture?) Charlie plans to move his show to Los Angeles, then New York, so if you get to one of those areas, keep an eye out for it.



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The viewer is in for a real treat when Grant and Dillon lure a hot, young biker into the back of their truck. The three studs engage in all kinds of sexual gymnastics which will surely turn you on and leave you panting for more.

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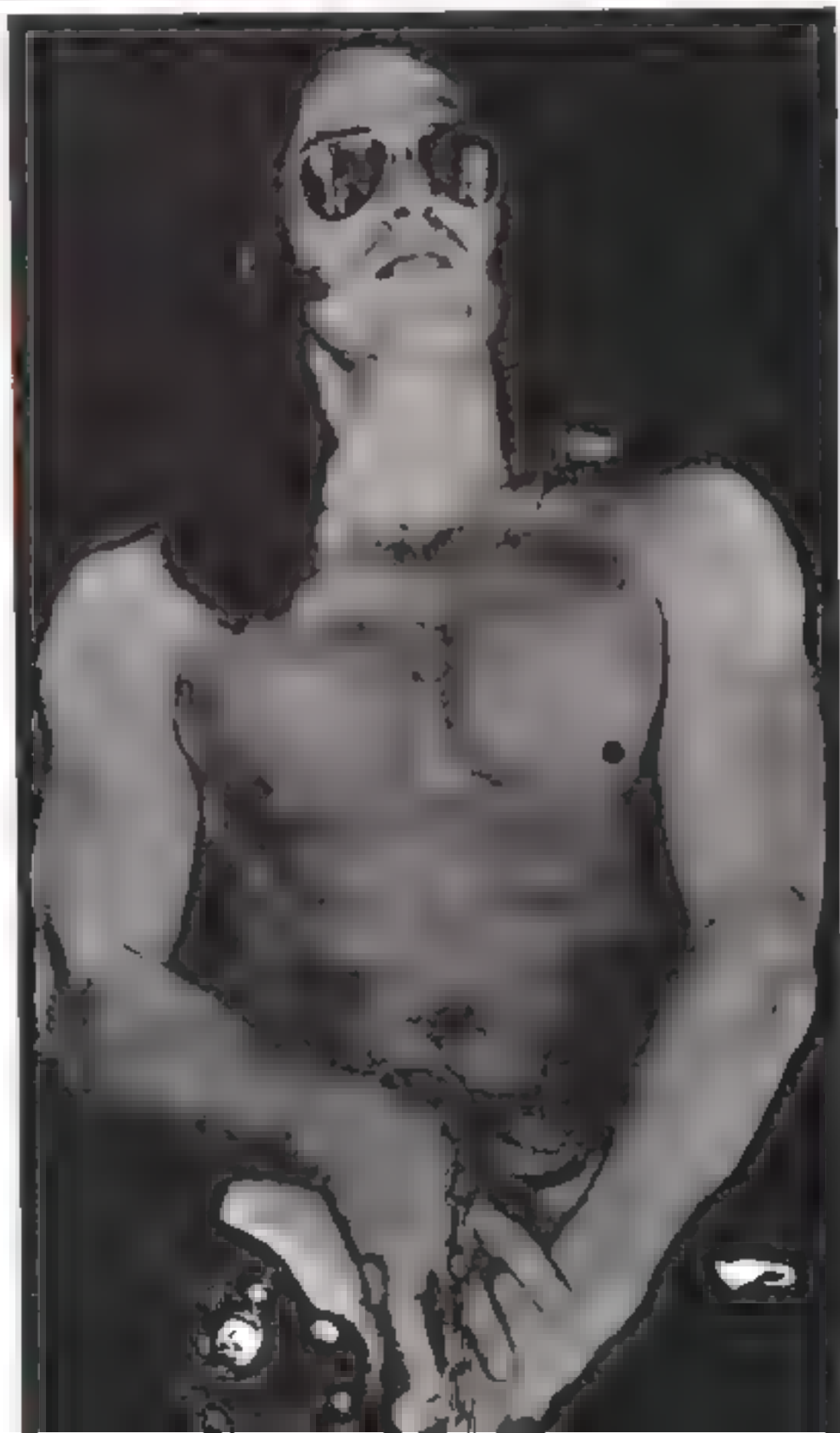
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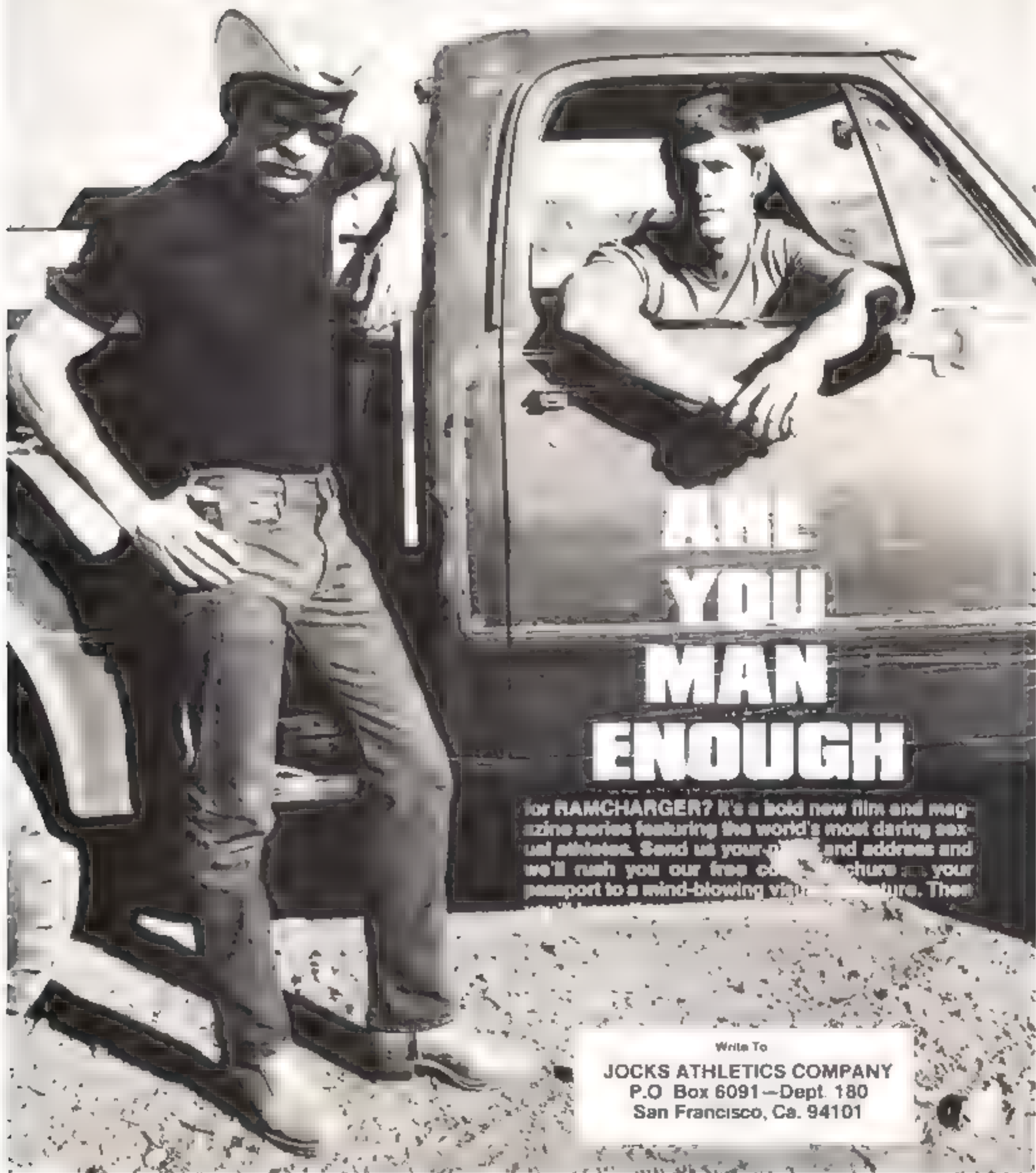
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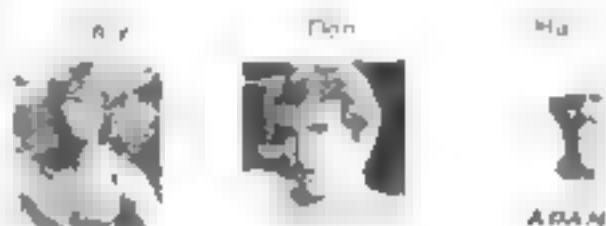
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NIGHTLIFE

(continued from 80)

Randolph Country Club. In Randolph, Mass., has been doing capacity business this summer with the addition of a restaurant (whose menu is excellent and design pleasingly comfortable) and a tea-dance every Sunday from 4 to 8 pm. The fact that there's a pool to which patrons may retire when not dancing helps make the 'Club' a popular gathering place on lazy warm evenings.

Still on the subject of bars, **The Paradise Cafe** still thrives as Cambridge's first openly gay bar. The pleasant atmosphere and good music make Paradise Cafe a pleasant place for relaxation or unhurried cruising or, more often than not, both.

Summer theater has produced several hits on the local scene. At the **Boston Repertory**, Esquire Jauchem's adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's *La Ronde* has been filling the house. The new production is titled *Rondolat*. Scenes of *Seduction* and the characters include fantasy types from hookers to sailors. The cast of four, each playing two roles, carries the show speedily and with creative enthusiasm.

Tufts University **Arena Theater** presented a new production of *Tobacco Road*, the play by Jack Kirk and from Erskine Caldwell's depression-era novel. Under the expert and inventive direction of Laurence Senelick, *Tobacco Road's* revival was worth waiting for. The grotesque humor so often lost in revivals of this work were fully evident under Senelick's control.

And finally, at **Suffolk University Theater** the *Marlow Show* presented last May as 'a work in progress,' has been realized as a full-bodied, thought-provoking and sometimes erotic production.

—Joseph Cain

CHICAGO

Adult bookstores have been notoriously popular in Chicago during the last couple years. Unfortunately, gays are frequently spending more time in these X-rated dens making communication and meeting new acquaintances increasingly difficult. The bars still remain crowded but more and more men are running to their neighborhood bookstore to frantically get their "rocks off" allowing little time to develop new friendships.

This isn't to say adult bookstores are bad—they do, indeed, serve a purpose. But that purpose has been vastly abused recently. These sexual hunting grounds are perfect for locating a potential partner to bring home, but not to so easily indulge in your activities there. They have, consequently, become Chicago's answer to New York's backroom bars.

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#20 (OCT / NOV)

Tab Hunter: Paris: Columbia
April: Margaret, Michael: Grass

1976

#21 (DEC / JAN)

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A-L-O-H-A, gasp, summer is over! Ma and Pa family, hordes of bronzed students and Pearl move company have departed and we in the Islands feel the Fall months are ours alone (well, a most) to enjoy the many splendours of Paradise. Which is not to indicate Fall is dull. Aloha Week (Oct. 13-21) with its unique parade and special Royalty entertainments is the culmination of ALL that is Hawaii. In a land where every day of the year is summer-perfect, we kick back to the renewed coolness of the tradewinds remembering frost on the pumpkins, golden red leaves, warm sweaters and adjusting our Speedos, dive into the frothy surf.

The Tomato (240 McCully) continues to innovate to get the scene exactly right for you. The largest gay bar in town has remodeled the inside disco to achieve a more sleek 'New York' look with floor-to-ceiling mirrors, stunning light show, friendly DJs Brad and Kele playing the top 40's. The gazeboed area (in itself larger than most other bars) has a new raised illuminated disco floor for touch dancing under the stars. Sandwich bar, entertainers for a me low mood aloha relaxed, Waiters all centerfold hunky, undressed in "Playboy Bunny" shirtless tuxes? With their bods, banish any rings around the collars! \$2.00 admission on weekends. Open 4pm 'til 4am for the late nighters. My choice to carry the crowd this season.

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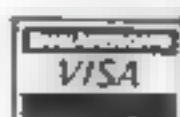
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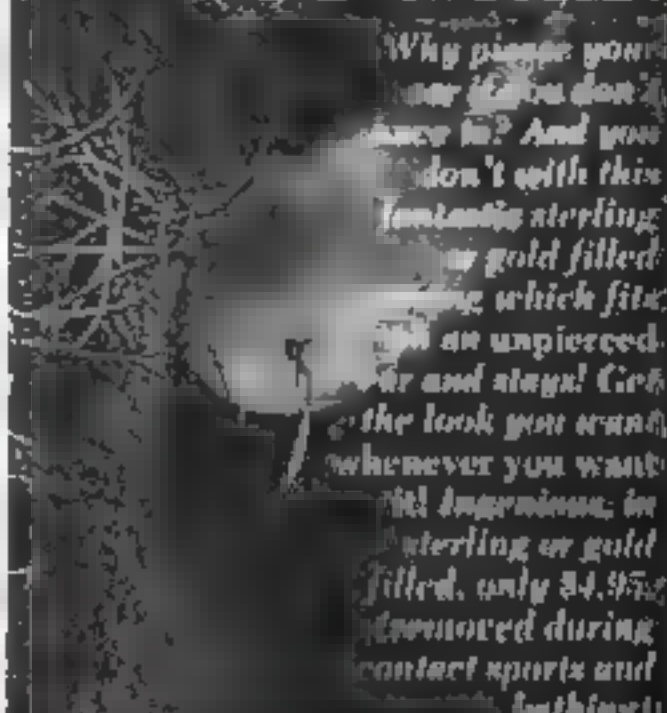


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—Forrest G. Hooper

SEATTLE

Seattle has recently been declared the most active live theater town in the United States aside from a certain large city in the East. Something is going on at the time—world premieres, American premieres, new professional groups springing up every day with a full-blown season of dramatic offerings.

The Queen Mother of all these organizations is Seattle Repertory Theater. Founded in 1963, immediately after the highly successful World's Fair that did so much to turn this city around and bring it howling boastfully into the latter half of the century, the REP has a national reputation as a top regional theater.

In 1980 the Theater will take up residence in a new facility constructed specifically for it on the grounds of Seattle Center, the site of the world's fair. Planning wisely, Seattle decided to turn the fairgrounds, an urban renewal project into a permanent civic center. The tract has had its ups and downs, but it does serve as the home of the major cultural institutions of the city.

Through a bond issue passed by the voters last year, the REP will have its own building, designed to the specifications of its bright and hardworking Artistic Director, W. Duncan Ross.

Like the Center, the REP has had its ups and downs during its fifteen seasons of operation. In the last few years, though, it has experienced an incredible up, thanks partly to Ross' uncanny ability to pick winning combinations of plays, thanks also to Peter Donnelly, the Theater's dynamic and personable Producing Director.

Primarily because of its recent triumph at the box office, over 24,000 season tickets sold—yes, season tickets—the REP's shows have come in for stinging criticism from local reviewers. Like many sportswriters, reviewers have an unfortunate tendency to praise everything a group does until it attains material success. Once that happens, they seem to feel it is safe to take potshots in order to build their own

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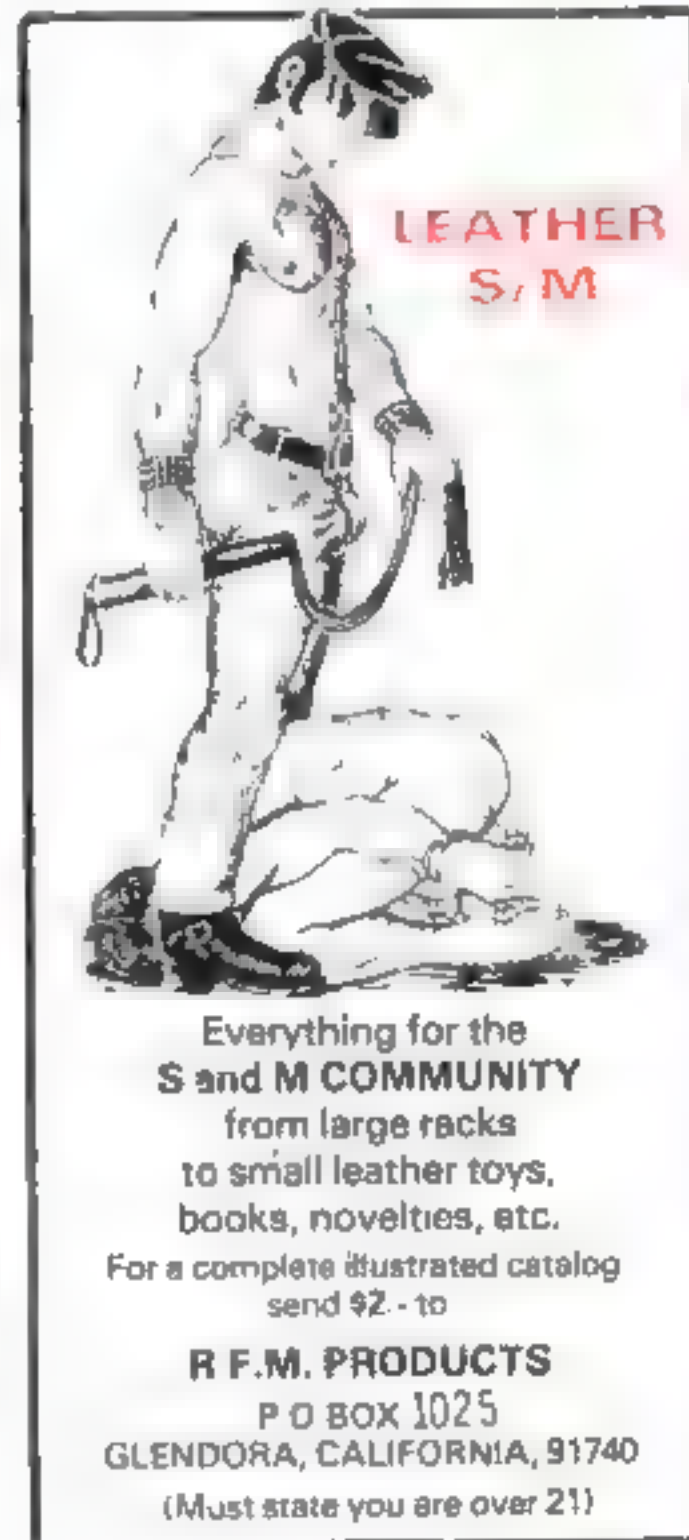
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egos. When asked about this unfortunate phenomenon Donnelly sits back, clasps his hands behind his head, smiles a slow, Irish smile, and says, "Somehow we manage to muddle through despite them."

Seattle Repertory Theater begins its current season of inspired muddling on Oct. 25-Nov. 19 with English playwright John Whiting's *Penny for a Song*, to be followed by Henrik Ibsen's classic *The Wild Duck*, Nov. 29-Dec. 23. *Side by Side* by Sondheim is next, Jan. 3-28. *The Glass Menagerie* plays from Feb. 7-Mar. 10. When it closes in Seattle the production will tour to several Northwest states. Because it is the largest professional theater west of Minneapolis and north of San Francisco, the REP feels a responsibility to bring the best in live theater to communities whose citizens seldom have the opportunity to experience such events. The Hub City Tour has been an important part of the schedule for a number of years.

Cats play by Ian MacNeil shows from Mar. 21-Apr. 15, and Noel Coward's *Fallen Angels* ends the season, Apr. 25-May 20.

No matter what the pay, REP's productions are unfailingly professional and a visit is well worth putting on your Seattle schedule.

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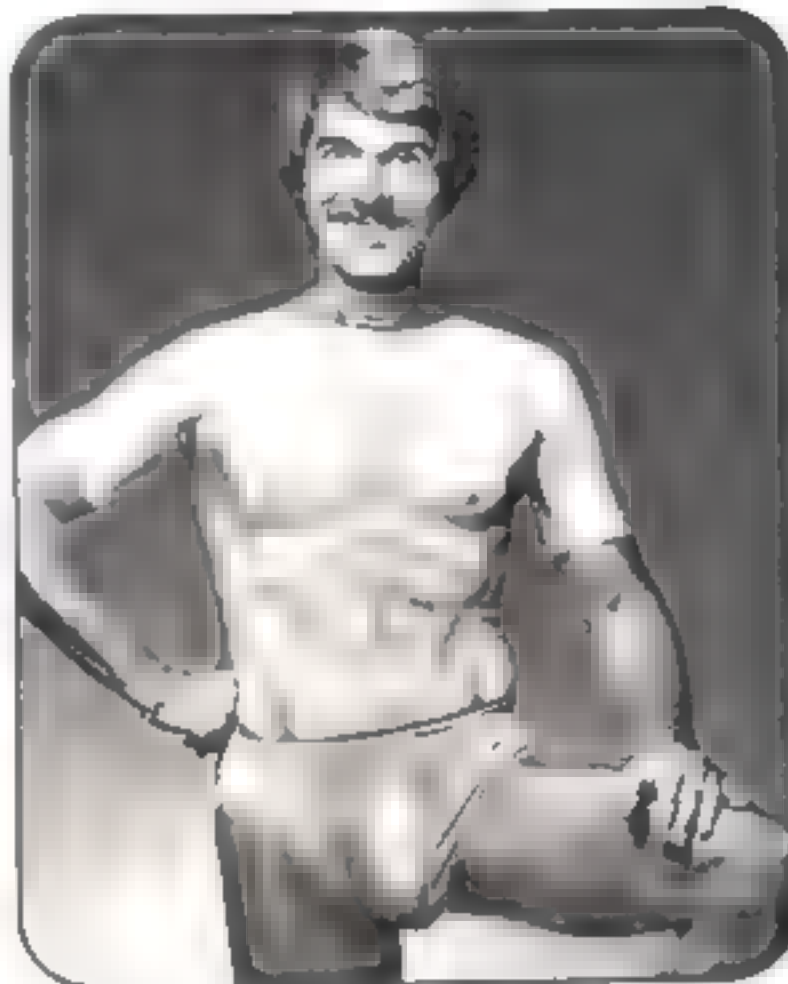
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LOS ANGELES

In addition to the normal traditional activities—making the Halloween drag out of the closet and stuffing the Thanksgiving bird—the City of the Angels offers its usual assortment of holiday season delights.

Among them are Scott Forbes' new LA Bar, 8265 Santa Monica Blvd. in West Hollywood. Forbes, the guiding force behind Studio One, should have no trouble making this one of the more popular watering spots in the area.

There are so many bars now dotting Santa Monica Blvd. from Gardner to Doheny that West Hollywood is truly deserving of its nickname "Boy's Town." The zip code of the area—90069—indicates that somebody at the Post Office has a sense of humor.

Among the more active spots are the Blue Parrot (8851), where Rasca is used to be and which is getting a heavy cruising crowd. The Four Star (8857) newly reopened after a fire some time ago, and Al's (8944), which provides wait-wait-wait bodies on weekends. In the other direction down Santa Monica the Spike (7746) and the Rusty Nail (7994) continue to provide heavy action. Then there's the Eagle (7864), the Jaguar (7511) and Peanuts Disco (7969)—which is primarily a girl's bar but offers a fun, somewhat tacky atmosphere for those who want to get away from the overcrowded dance floors of the more popular discos.

And of course, Scandals (1635 N. La Brea) has opened to the sounds of Delta Reese and the oohs and aahs of the mixed multitudes.

Holiday theater fare includes the Ahmanson Theater's *Dracula*, with Jeremy Brett sucking his way to happiness through Nov. 18. A new Ne Simon musical, *They're Playing Our Song*, featuring Marvin Hamlisch's music and Carole Bayer Sager's lyrics, runs Dec. 8-Jan. 20.

The Mark Taper Forum's 12th season opened with Luis Valdez' *Zoot Suit*, which had an earlier sold-out engagement as part of the Taper's New Theater for Now series of plays-in-progress. Valdez rewrote his examination of the Chicano experience in L.A. during the 1940s for this main stage production. *Zoot Suit* is followed Oct. 19-Dec. 3 by *Dust, Fish, Sins and Vi* by English playwright Pam Gems. Directed by Edward Parone, the play centers on four women in crisis who share a London flat.

Annie is filling the Shubert Theater stage with music and laughter, and Victor Borge plays a limited engagement

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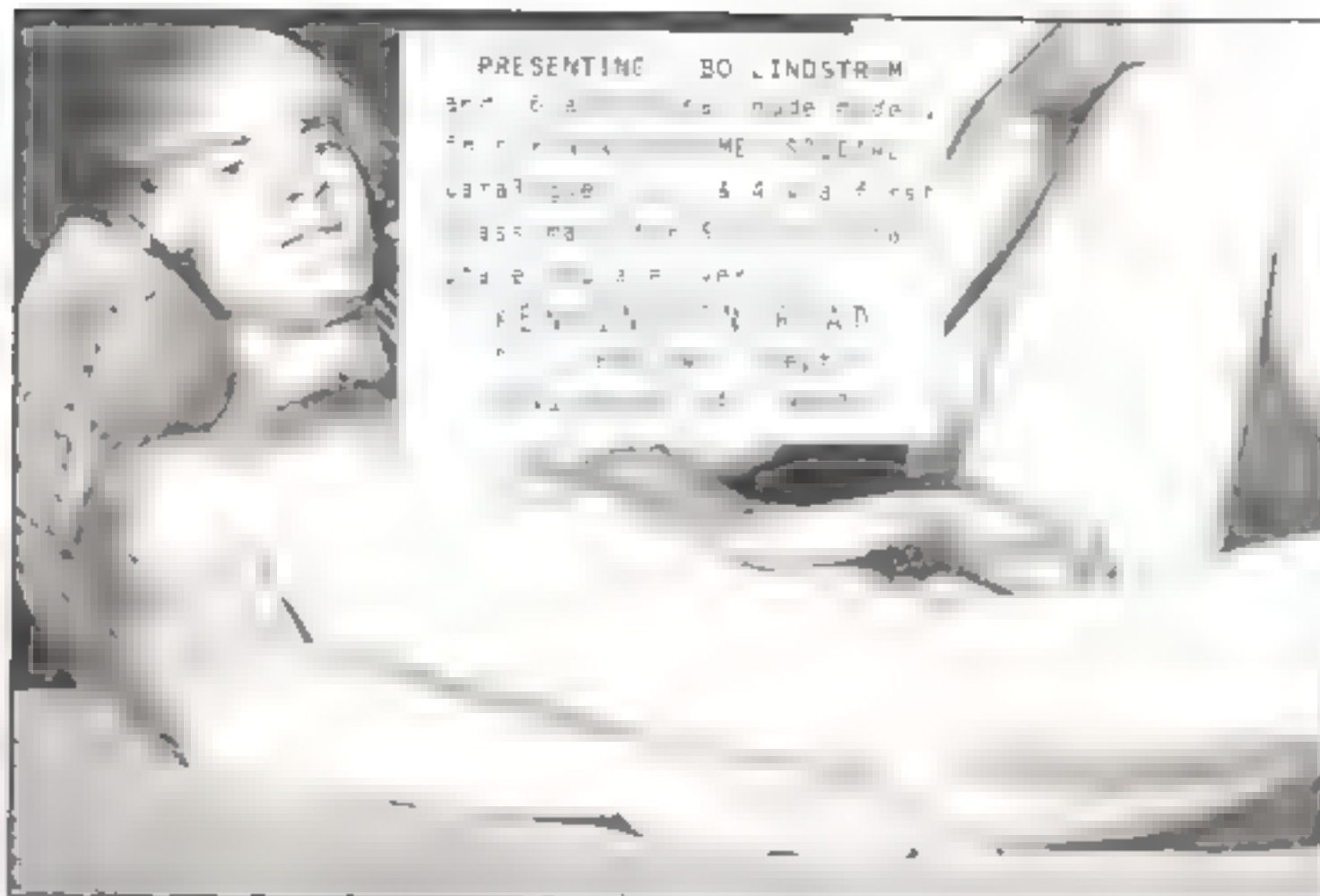
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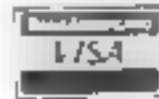
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at the Huntington Hartford (followed in Dec. by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy in the Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Gin Game*)

Though it's a bit off the beaten track (L.A. is a big town), theater buffs won't want to miss the Long Beach Theater Festival's (300 East Ocean Blvd.) production of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. Nov. 1-25, followed by George S. Kaufman's *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, with James Whitmore in the title role.

If you live in the L.A. area, have recently broken up with a lover after at least three years, and would like to participate in a research project (with your ex), call Rex Reece at (213) 465-3219.

If you feel like cooling off after a hard night at the bars and discos, you might want to check out the Club Baths' (4424 Melrose) new outdoor swimming pool. Refreshing!

—Ron Englert

SAN DIEGO

Intense rivalry on the disco scene between the long-established Barbary Coast (2431 Pacific Coast Hwy.) and the relative newcomer West Coast Production Company (1845 Hancock) has produced a situation in San Diego beneficial to everyone, native and tourist alike. After many years of taking for granted its position as the top bar in town, the Barbary Coast was impelled by the appearance of "WCPC" to close for six months of badly needed renovations. Now both nightspots offer sophisticated light shows, an astonishing variety of liquors, outdoor patios, and, in the case of the Barbary Coast, the *Forever Yours Jewelry Shop* which stocks belt buckles, gold and silver personal jewelry, and all the top room odorizers.

Many visitors to California's second largest city (no kidding!) are taking advantage of the opportunity to visit Tijuana, celebrated for its bull fights, its Jal Alai Palacio, and for Caesar's (Avenida de la Revolucion), a restaurant reputed to be the originator of the Caesar Salad.

Not far away, on Fourth St., a half block east of the main drag, is Los Equitales or El Taurino, as it is also known, Tijuana's only gay bar. It's packed with young *macho* kids trying to pick up a few American phrases and a few American dollars. Unfortunately, many of them suffer from the same light fingers as their U.S. counterparts on Soma Avenue in L.A., so *caveat emptor*.

The rumor that Black's Beach has been destroyed as a bare-ass playground resulting from last year's successful anti-nude referendum is absolutely false. There are literally acres of naked flesh on display, much of it adorning the bodies of the University of California students who descend treacherous paths to reach the beach from their cliff-top

campus above. And, of course, the gay section at the extreme north end of the beach is better than ever. This year's heavy rains ruined the road which San Diego's finest used to patrol the area, so now the action is hot and heavy.

Back in town, Sea World inaugurated a multi-million dollar shark exhibit this summer which is packing them in. All are enjoying the many shows, especially those featuring three different types of whale. And, the seals and sea otters are always a delight to watch.

Vice Squad crackdowns on nocturnal activities in Balboa Park may be partly responsible for the ever-increasing numbers of young guys, including the surfers and sailors for which San Diego is so justly famous, who disport themselves with so much gusto at the city's three most popular baths: the Vulcan (805 Cedar), the Fourth Avenue Club (3955 Fourth Ave.), and Dave's (4988 Santa Monica in nearby Ocean Beach). The Vulcan still holds the edge in attracting interesting out-of-towners because of its facilities and convenient downtown location.

Recently, the hottest items in town have been copies of the latest catalog from International Male (2802 Midway Drive) which features some of the hunkiest models you ever saw wearing clothes, jewelry, and accessories.

Another local establishment making good these days is The Crypt (733 Fourth Ave.), which started as a small outlet in a local bar The Hole (2820 Lytton), stocking magazines, leather accoutrements, and the like. Today it has branched into several locations around the city. It recently opened a very successful branch in Denver.

It's been said that the sincerest form of flattery is imitation. It should not then be too surprising that the success of *The Directory*, a local guide to gay businesses and others which welcome gay customers, has sparked widespread interest.

Incidentally, San Diego now boasts, at last, a new all-male public theater, the first in many years. Called The Studio (610 Fifth Ave.), it features first-run, feature-length films. And, like similar cinemas in other cities, it also offers an adult bookstore in the lobby for those who'd like to curl up with a spicy novel after the show.

—Cy Dozier

ATLANTA

Atlanta's oldest gay bar, Mr. P's (551 Ponce de Leon Ave.), which has had a new burst of popularity since going leather/Levi about three years ago, has expanded. P's Annex, "a man's dancing bar," is next door at 563. Those of us who were here in the sixties

remember the building as the **Joy Lounge**, and it was the first place where some of us danced together—legally.

Otherwise, **Back Street** (845 Peachtree St.) and the **Magic Garden** (1888 Cheshire Bridge Rd.) continue to fight for the bulk of the disco darlings. **Animals** (1055 Peachtree), a "juice disco" (only soft drinks served), has opened to draw some of the late crowd on Friday through Monday nights; it stays open until 7 a.m. and can be rented for private parties the nights it's closed.

The cabaret part of the Magic Garden has switched from name nightclub acts to shows featuring local female impersonators. Their "Mr. Magic Garden" contest was a marathon affair with 24 contestants, but some really fine talent (among other things) was displayed. One of the judges, Channel 2 newscaster Monica Kaufman, stopped the show with an a cappella rendition of "The Way We Were"; she was persuaded to give while the votes were being tallied. Those who stayed past the normal 4 a.m. closing time saw Tommy Batty crowned "Mr. Magic Garden," with Bruce Almeida and Scot Doster the runners-up.

Will Stephen's Saloon (1833 Peachtree) never run out of new costume themes for their Sunday "Krazy Daze."

It's still the best bar I've ever been to for meeting people, either in the hectic atmosphere of a Sunday afternoon or the relative quiet of a weeknight.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show is in its second year of weekend late shows at George Ellis' **Cinema Gallery** (2835 Peachtree), where *Word Is Out* set a house record last summer. As in other cities where the Rocky Horror cult has grown, the real show is in the audience, largely composed of regulars who know the script backwards and forwards and participate in their favorite sequences. I saw the original play in London earlier this year, and it can't hold a candle to the movie. (Even if it did, it's safety film and wouldn't burn.)

Our two major resident theater companies begin their seasons in November. The **Alliance Theater** in the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center (15th and Peachtree Sts.) opens with *The Robber Bridegroom*, Nov. 2-19, followed by *Peter Pan*, with Philip Pleasants as Captain Hook, Dec. 7-24. The **Academy Theater** (1374 Peachtree St.) opens Nov. 17 with artistic director Frank Wittow starring in *Death of a Salesman*, directed by Mary Nell Santacrose. The play runs to Dec. 16.

Each time a national touring company (other than bus-and-truck) comes in, it's

advertised as the first time such a show has played Atlanta. The new season of "firsts" begins with *The Wiz*, Nov. 27-Dec. 16 at the Fox Theater (680 Peachtree) and Neil Simon's *Chapter Two*, Dec. 26-Jan. 7 in Symphony Hall at the Memorial Arts Center.

Director Kelly Morris announced early this year that he would "retire" from his avocation at year's end because he's accomplished everything he set out to do. So barring a change of heart or mind, the doors of Kelly's **Seed and Feed Theater** (N. Angier St. off North Ave.) will close forever after the annual performance of *Herod*, a 12th century liturgical music-drama, in early Dec.

M. Kay Powell became manager of the troubled **Harlequin Dinner Theater** (Peachtree-Piedmont Crossing) while they had two super shows in a row: *I Do/I Do!* with Dorothy Collins and Larry Shue, and *Two for the Seesaw* with Sandy Dennis and Clint Kimbrough. Hearing how offensive Richard Egan's performance in *Hanky Panky* had been to gays, one of Powell's first official acts was to seek a gay "consultant" to be sure their production of *Norman, Is That You?* would offend no one. She's also made the upstairs ballroom available to local performers as a small, self-contained theater.

In addition, the Harlequin has three enduring remnants of the swing era booked for Monday night dinner-concerts in Nov.: the Duke Ellington Orchestra on the 13th, Count Basie on the 20th and the Glenn Miller Orchestra on the 27th.

It's in the rumor stage at this writing, but Bob Dylan may give at least one December concert at the Omni (Techwood Dr. and Marietta St.), and one in Savannah at the Civic Center.

Music Director Robert Shaw conducts the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, chamber chorus and soloists in Handel's *Messiah*, Nov. 30-Dec. 3 in Symphony Hall; and the annual Family Christmas Festival, featuring the full ASO Chorus, Dec. 19-22 in Symphony Hall. Of the subscription series concerts, Shaw's only remaining appearance before January will be to conduct Honegger's *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher*, Nov. 18-19, with Vera Zorina as narrator.

Other ASO concerts, all in Symphony Hall, include Hiroyuki Iwaki conducting with Gary Graffman, piano, Nov. 2-4; Louis Lane conducting with Barry Tuckwell, horn, Nov. 22-25; Sung Kwak conducting an all-Beethoven program with pianist James Tocco, Dec. 7-9; and Kwak conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program with Juliana Markova, piano, Dec. 14-17.

Christmas brings out the best in our local bars and baths, so why not be one of them? Have a happy holiday and see how much fun it can be without ice and snow.

—Steve Warren

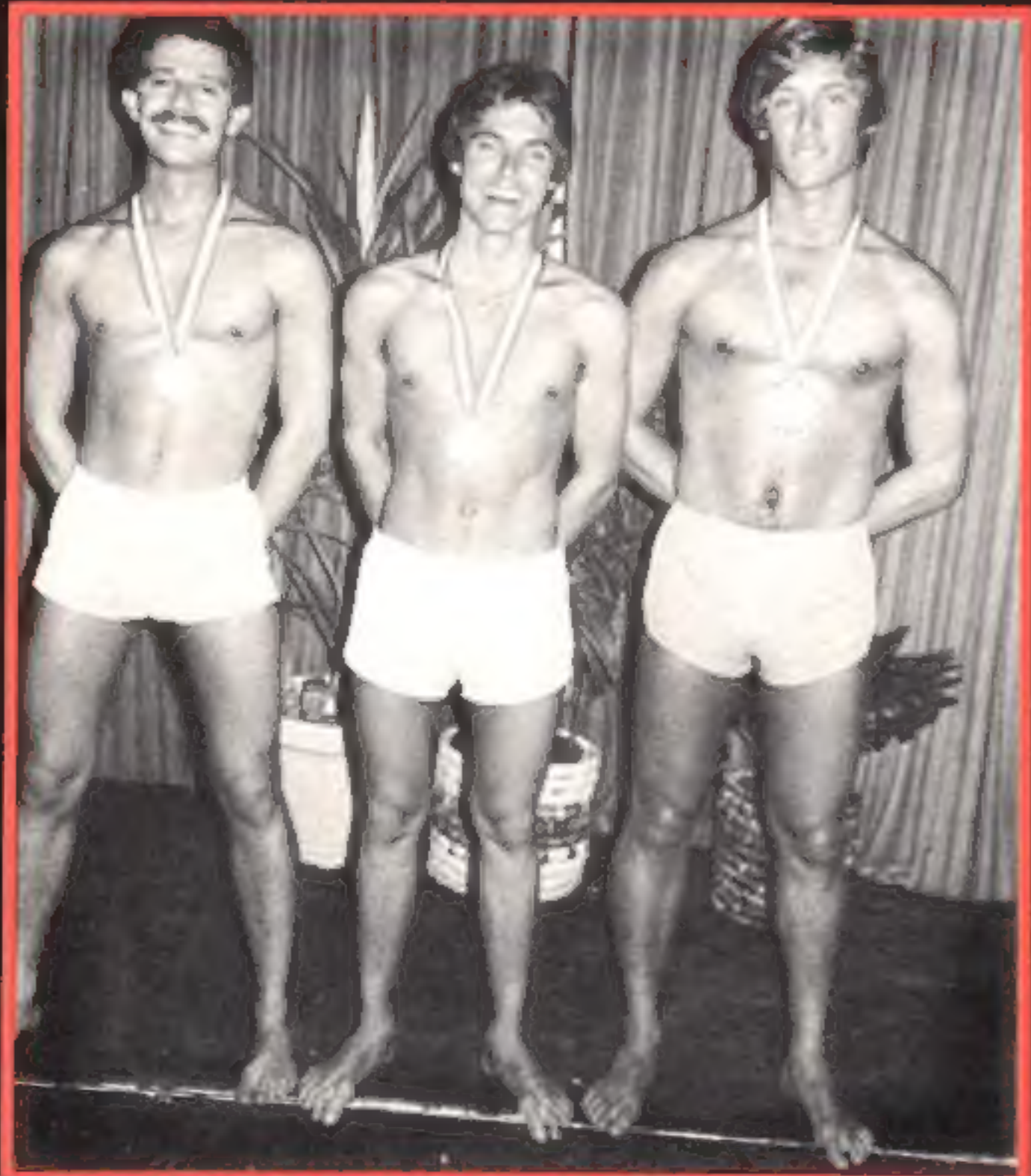


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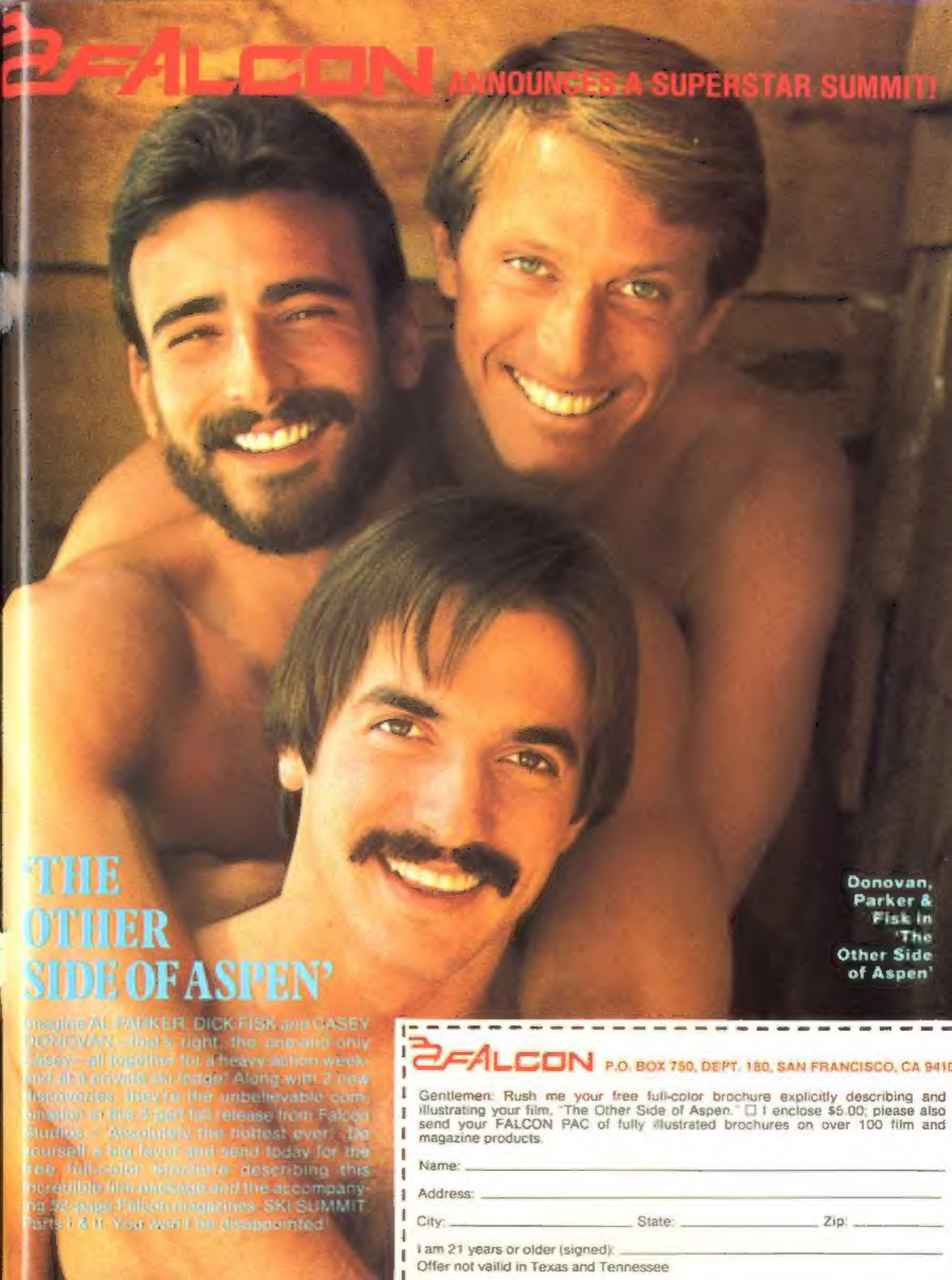
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